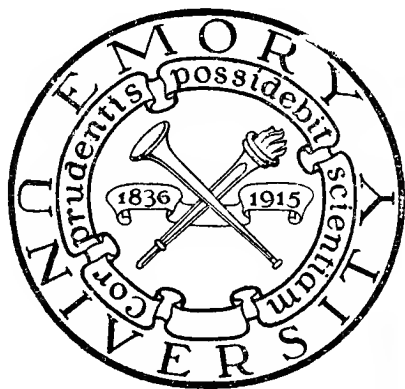


CHRISTMAS CHEER



PRICE TWO SHILLINGS

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CHRISTMAS CHEER,

IN

THREE COURSES,

MORE THAN *ORDINARY* ONES, AND WHERE EVERY GUEST
WILL GET HIS

D E S S E R T,

AND A TASTE OF THOSE

CHOICE SPIRITS,

“ THAT CHEER BUT NOT INEBRIATE,”

ANGUS B. REACH, JAMES HANNAY,

AND

ALBERT SMITH.



TWO SHILLINGS A-HEAD,

INCLUDING THE BEST CUTS AND CARVINGS

BY

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CHRISTMAS CHEER.

COURSE I.

A ROMANCE OF A MINCE PIE.

BY

ANGUS B. REACH.

A ROMANCE OF A MINCE PIE.

CHAPTER I.



IN a quiet, quaint,
I may almost say,
undiscovered nook
of Merry England,
lies a humble little
borough, not men-
tioned in any sche-
dule of the Reform
Bill. To get to it,

you must leave all main dusty roads—the pro-
jected railway there was never made, and the

chairman of the enterprising company now lives in the Capecure at Boulogne-sur-Mer—and betake yourself to wandering cross ways of very uncertain length, which lead through quiet fields, and fat loamy meadows, and by primitive farm houses, until you see, peering above the trees, a grey battered-looking steeple, very much the worse for wear, surmounted by a weather-cock, which, in consequence either of rust or a remarkable prevalence of westerly winds, has looked steadily towards the setting sun for a quarter of a century. The steeple and the weather-cock are the steeple and weather-cock of the town of Forty-winks.

Proceeding onwards, you mark a scattered cottage or two, then a row of almshouses, then a pump. After this you turn the corner by the stocks—the May-pole is just opposite—into the High Street. You are now in Forty-winks. To the right you will behold the Lamb Inn and Hotel: observe the scattered market carts which stand before it. That building on the left, raised upon smouldering stone pillars, is the Town Hall. The market is held

beneath it every Tuesday; and the Corporation, which consists of a mayor, a mace, two aldermen, and a beadle, meet in the damp white-washed room above, as often as may be necessary, for the discussion of the financial or general policy of Forty-winks.

As I said, it is a quiet, easy-going place. People look from windows at a foot passenger, as they would do at a chaise and pair in more lively towns. Sometimes you might drop a pin from a second floor, and hear its tiny tinkle upon the pavement. The grocer and the draper and the baker dose half the day in their shops, or chat listlessly each from his respective door. Children principally abound in the tortuous passages which branch from the High Street, leading amongst irregular rows of cottages to the outskirts of Forty-winks, where green patches of cheerful garden-ground begin to penetrate and intersect the straggling limbs of the little town, and then gradually to introduce them to the open fields.

At No. 10 High Street—there are no numbers,

but I am counting from the Cross, northwards—
there is a shop, over which is placed this sign,
JOHN CHIRRUP, PASTRY-COOK AND CONFECTIONER.



Mr. Chirrup was, and I believe is still, a little fat man, of easy and festive disposition, inclined to a good dinner, and to a snug nap after it. He is

very popular in Forty-winks, not only by reason of his pastry, which is positively the staple of the place, but on account of his merry good-heartedness. Indeed, the fat sweetness of his condiments appear to have entered into the man's nature. He has been heard to say that if he had his will, the world should be one great plum-cake, and all the men and women kings and queens, in rich robes of dainty sugar. Every evening Mr. Chirrup takes his place near the fire in the public room at the Lamb. The bell-pull hangs at his elbow, and when any of the company require a replenished pipe or glass, they say—the phrase is stereotyped in Forty-winks—“Mr. Chirrup, would you oblige?” on which Mr. Chirrup always responds, “Too happy;” and jerks the bell with a radiant countenance.

I have said that Chirrup lives at No. 10 High Street. He is a bachelor, but a niece, Pattie Chirrup, at the opening of our story a pretty, thoughtless, little human doll of sixteen or thereby, cheers his solitude. No. 10 is, as may be conceived by ingenious minds, next to No. 11. Both houses



FATTIE CHIRRUP.

in fact appear one, separated from Nos. 9 and 12 by a lane on one hand, and a bit of waste ground—where they are going to erect either a Mechanics' Institute or a Gas Works—on the other.

Behind Nos. 10 and 11 there are narrow strips of garden.

The name engraved upon the dirty brass door-plate of No. 11, Chirrup's neighbour's house, is Snitch. The gentleman answering to this appellation is also a bachelor; but lives perfectly alone, doing his own cooking, and, as has been suspected from the cut of his ungainly, ill put on clothes, his own tailoring also. Snitch is a snarling, sulky, ill-tempered man. Had he been a poet or a gentleman, he would have been a misanthrope, a recluse, a lofty-minded being, turning with disdain from the vulgar attributes of the vulgar herd. But as he could neither write—or at all events did not try—a Childe Harold, a Manfred, or a Giaour—people contented themselves with thinking him simply an ill-conditioned, peevish, unamiable, man, possibly troubled with the bile.

Snitch had no acquaintances in Forty-winks, but he always attended funerals, and generally wore a dress of rusty black. He was the terror of all the children in the place. He would throw

stones into the water if he caught them fishing in the Slush—a ditch, by courtesy called a stream, which runs by Forty-winks, but in what direction nobody ever found out; and was on one occasion caught sticking pins into Mrs. John Brown's baby, when that sweet poppet had been left on a green knoll, whilst its fond mother was engaged in separating her eldest son Johnny from Charley Tanks, the young gentlemen being engaged in a pugilistic encounter, touching the proprietorship of certain lark's eggs, all of which were unhappily smashed in the struggle. So Mr. Snitch was an object of much odium and some mysterious fear in Forty-winks. He evidently had some money, for he did nothing, and paid his way, visiting Scraggs, the butcher, once or twice a-week. Scraggs was a jolly fellow, with a purple, greasy face, and used to boast that he always gave Snitch the tough bits.

Snitch, however, had one friend, a dog. He called it Angel, but it must have been a fallen one. It was a long-backed, short-legged, whitey-brown beast, which knew the taste of half the legs in

Forty-winks. Many had been the gruff representations made to Snitch upon the biting propensities of the dog, and still more gruff had been the master's answers. And yet nobody cared about killing the beast. Certainly, one good-natured, and yet good-for-nothing fellow, half bird-fancier and half poacher, had treated Angel to a distant charge of snipe-shot, which caused the animal to limp in its gait; but Snitch kept his eye upon the aggressor, who was very shortly, upon Angel's master's information, treated to six months in the county prison, for trespassing in pursuit of game. Still Mr. Snitch's quadruped pet received many a sly blow from stick and stone. But it bore all in silence. A brickbat flung at it with a good will which sent the animal head over heels into a ditch, did not as much as elicit a yelp. But it did howl sometimes. Mr. Chirrup could bear testimony to that. By eleven o'clock at night all was generally quiet in Forty-winks, excepting Snitch's Angel. Regularly at that hour the brute began to howl. It was thought that Snitch had trained it to the

habit of nocturnal yelping, out of spite to humanity in general. At all events, Angel commenced business every evening at bed-time. His kennel was in the back garden; and just as the lights were disappearing from bed-room windows, he poked his head out of his wooden habitation, and howled, whined, barked, and yelped by turns, sometimes until dawn, sometimes until breakfast time.

The whole population of course suffered from Angel, but Chirrup, owing to his proximity, was the greatest martyr. I have said that Chirrup loved good eating and good sleeping, like a sensible man as he was. Angel interfered little with the one, but he completely spoiled the other. Half-a-dozen times did the justly indignant pastry-cook complain to Snitch, who merely grinned and rubbed his hands in his pockets.

"I don't keep you from yelping at the Lamb," said Snitch; "why should you keep my dog from yelping in my garden?"

Chirrup threatened to indict master and dog as nuisances; but somehow the Forty-winkians were

not a litigious people, and Chirrup was naturally indolent, so the threat remained a threat, and nothing else. Angel yelped and yelped : Chirrup got up half-a-dozen times in the night—his bedroom window overlooked the garden—and by turns coaxed and stormed at the implacable disturber of his rest. Once or twice the confectioner tried the effects of bribery and corruption, flinging a piece or two of mouldy pastry to the cur. Angel greedily devoured the mess, and then barked for more ; so it became evident to Chirrup that if he were to silence the dog by keeping him eating, he must devote every pie, pudding, tart, lollipop, and confection in his shop to the purpose. So he gave over the attempt, and Angel persevered in his malpractices. Every night at the Lamb, Chirrup retailed his griefs. He was getting quite pale from want of sleep. Occasionally, under the influence of an extra pipe or an extra glass, he would threaten to kick Snitch and throttle his dog next day ; but when the morning came, he never took any overt step in the matter, and at night Angel barked and

Chirrup tossed restlessly between the blankets as before.

So stood matters when Christmas was approaching. Now, Chirrup was famed for his mince-pies. Christmas would not, in Forty-winks, have been Christmas without Chirrup's mince-pies. They were looked upon as parts of the solemnities of the season, and the demand was universal.

One night, after the pastry-cook had gone through a hard day's work in the preparation of his first batch of pies, he appeared in his usual place at the Lamb.

"You're not looking well, Chirrup, this evening," said Bob Tanks, the grocer, one of his cronies.

"Why, you see, Mr. Tanks," replied the confectioner, "a good ten hours' work before a hot oven, in a tolerable floury atmosphere, don't improve a man's complexion."

"And that's true," said Groats the baker. "It takes a good night's sleep after that—it does."

"A good night's sleep!" exclaimed Chirrup.

“ Ah ! it’s very easy to speak—it is ; but it’s little sleep I’ll have this blessed night ; for that —— dog —— ”

“ He barks yet, does he ? ” inquired Tanks, who lived at the other end of the town. “ Well, I’ve sometimes thought I heer’d him, and so ‘as the missus.”

“ Bark ! ” exclaimed Chirrup, “ bark ! I believe you. I never see such a born devil for noise.”

“ Why don’t you give him a mince-pie or two ? ” demanded Tanks. “ He’d eat them.”

“ Would’nt he ! ” said Chirrup. “ Yes, and then growl for more.”

“ Not if you made them right,” hinted Tanks.

“ Make ‘em right ! ” ejaculated the pastry-cook. “ If I make my mince-pies right, eh ? ”

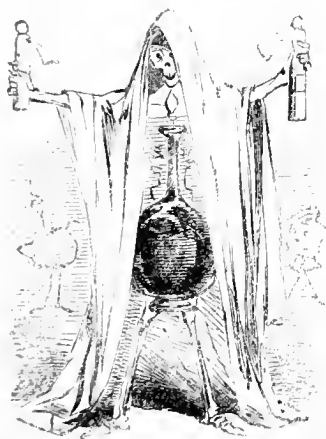
“ You see,” said Tanks, gravely, “ there’s two ways o’ makin’ pies : one way for Christians, as is good customers, and another way for curs, as is rum customers. There is some things—as a dog don’t bark arter eating them, —— ”

“ Mr. Chirrup, would you oblige ? ” said the

baker, who having been engaged in a polemical discussion with certain of the company, had heard nothing of Tanks's advice.

“Too happy,” mechanically responded Chirrup, and then, after jerking the bell, he pondered upon the grocer's words and remained in a wrapt state, similar to Macbeth's condition after meeting the witches.

CHAPTER II.



HERE are two drug-gists' shops in Forty-winks: one of them, an "establishment" in the main street, with a splendid picture connected with the Pharmaceutical College in the window; the other, a dingy little shop, in a secondary lane, faced by the high blank wall of the garden of the Grange.

Into this shop Mr. Chirrup bent his furtive way, the forenoon after the conversation at the Lamb,

The proprietor was making pills by the help of a fluted brass machine, which divided a roll of nasty brown paste into pellets of the requisite size. "Mr. Chirrup, sir, and is it you?" said the druggist, "You don't mean to say you want physic?"

"No, no," replied Chirrup, hastily: "never took any since I was a boy, and don't mean to begin. I—I—want—the fact is," and Chirrup could not help a little hesitation from being visible in his manner, "I want some arsenic."

"Not for the mince-pies?" observed the druggist, jokingly.

Mr. Chirrup took an involuntary step back, and then replied majestically, "No nonsense, if you please, sir. Give me what I want, and ask no questions."

This outbreak was so unlike the pastry-cook's general suavity of manner, that the druggist fixed a keen look upon him.

"Rats," stammered Chirrup, "rats."

"Ah!" said the proprietor of the shop, and without another word he went to a drawer, took

out a quantity of white powder, weighed it, made it up into a small packet, and handed it over to his customer, who paid the demanded price; and, bidding an awkward good-day to the vendor, left the shop.

Mr. Chirrup took a circuitous route home, and went round the corners carefully, for he had a sort of indefinable lurking apprehension of Snitch's wrath, now that he carried what he trusted would be the seasoning of Angel's last meal in his pocket. He reached his shop, however, unmolested, and entering it dismissed Pattie, who presided in his absence, to dress herself for the day. The pastry-cook then selected one of the most tempting mince-pies from the shelf, and after glancing uneasily around, retreated to the desk, which was at the end of the counter, and screened by a bit of brown cotton from vulgar gaze. Chirrup was about to poison a dog—a filthy, unbearable cur; yet so placid was his nature, so milky his blood, that he experienced about as much trepidation as many a man would feel before administering the same fatal dose to a fellow-creature.

The pastry-cook undid the little packet of white powder, and placed it beside the mince-pie upon the desk. Then opening the latter carefully with a breakfast knife, he looked first at the tempting food, and then at the deadly poison. It appeared such a fearful thing to mix the one with the other. Had it been a bit of meat or bread, he thought he should not have minded. Dogs and men eat bread and meat; but mince-pie is peculiarly a human dish, and a Christmas dish. Chirrup's hand trembled as he took a pinch of the powder and held it above the savoury fruit, tucked in between blankets of pastry. He paused long, looking vacantly out of the window between a jar of mixed confections and a box of peppermint lozenges.

“Oh! o—o—oh!” sobbed a boy's voice in the street.

Chirrup started, and presently Tommy Sawyer—he knew him well—came limping and hopping along on the opposite pavement, rubbing his leg, while Angel appeared walking deliberately home, licking his lips.



The pastry-cook no longer hesitated. With a tolerably profuse hand he sprinkled the arsenic over the savoury contents of the mince-pie; and then hastily flinging the remainder of the drug into the fire, covered the deadly pasty with its saucer-like top, and was in the act of depositing it in a lock-up drawer, when Pattie's head was popped into the shop, and Pattie's voice exclaimed, "Uncle!"

"Well," ejaculated Chirrup, jumping up with a nervous start, the fatal mince-pie in his hand. "Who's there, eh?"



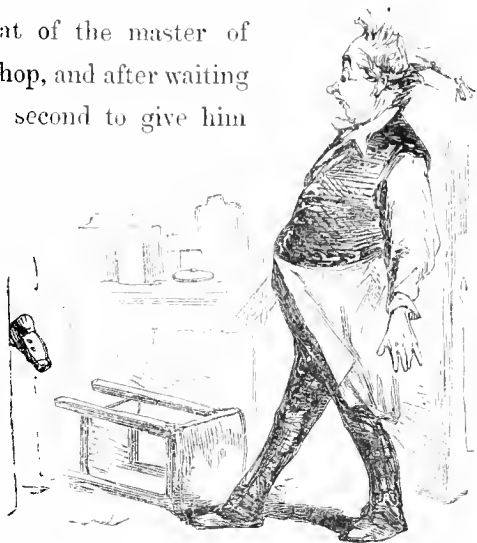
“Law!” said Pattie, “I declare you’re getting quite nervous, uncle. I only wanted you to do the bottom hook of my dress; I’ve broken all my nails trying to do it.” They are a primitive people at Forty-winks.

The pastry-cook glanced irresolutely around. He evidently did not like to lock up the mince-pie before his niece; so, after a moment’s hesitation,

he said, "Well, then, make haste, you baggage!" and depositing the deadly pasty upon the counter, followed Pattie through the glass door which led to the parlour.



Mr. Chirrup before leaving the shop did not look into the street, otherwise he would have seen a shabby hungry-like boy flattening his nose against one of the windows, and industriously contemplating the good things in them. This young gentleman had observed the mince-pie laid upon the counter, had marked the retreat of the master of the shop, and after waiting for a second to give him



law, sprung into the deserted warehouse, snatched up the coveted pasty, and was in the act of dis-

appearing over the threshold as Mr. Chirrup showed again at the glass door.

The flurried tradesman caught a momentary glimpse of an uplifted leg vanishing round his door-posts. His eye instinctively fell upon the counter : the mince-pie was gone. Mr. Chirrup was not given to gymnastics, but he vaulted into the public



part of the shop, and rushed into the street. The same leg he had seen a moment before was just visible at the corner where High Street is intersected by Cross Lane ; and down the lane in question went Mr. Chirrup in hot pursuit. He was always fated to be just too late. The narrow street where he had bought the poison ran at right angles to Cross Lane, and parallel with the High Street. At the corner Mr. Chirrup obtained the same momentary glimpse of the thief's limb as he had caught twice before ; but when he himself arrived at the same point, not a being was visible. Chirrup's heart sunk within him. He cast a despairing glance up and down the street, and then mechanically followed in the direction in which the unhappy amateur of mince-pies had disappeared. This course led him by the shop where he had purchased the arsenic. The druggist stood at the door, and saw Chirrup run hatless and breathless by, the pastry-cook not having the heart or the time to stop to ask a single question.

“ Oh, Lord ! ” soliloquised the pill-maker ;



“here’s a job! Why did I give him that arsenic? He’s been and poisoned some one, that’s clear. I might have known what he wanted it for by his manner. They’ll hang him, they’re safe to do that; and me, they’ll make me an accessory before the

fact. I'm a done man—done!" And so saying, the horrified druggist retired into his shop.

Meantime Chirrup, utterly at fault, ran distractedly up one lane and down another. His proceedings were of course not unobserved. Wondering faces appeared at the windows—hurrying forms emerged from hastily opened doors. Half-a-dozen times was the pastry-cook entreated to stop and tell who or what he was running after, but he replied not a word; and at length, utterly baffled and worn out, he walked slowly back to his shop, followed by an escort of wondering boys, whom Chirrup, suddenly turning upon the threshold, ordered away, in a tone they had never before heard used by the good-natured little confectioner. But one or two of the grown-up people of the place, who had cautiously followed in the rear, remarked how livid was Chirrup's cheek, and how wild and excited was his eye.

Pattie was in the shop when he entered. "Uncle, uncle!" she exclaimed, "what *ever* is the matter? Do you know that you were in such a

hurry that you stuck the hook in the hem, and not in the eye?"

"Go down stairs!" said Chirrup, in a voice which blanched the cheeks of his niece, who obeyed without speaking.

Chirrup sat down again at his desk, with his hands clenched upon the ledger before him. For a moment or two there was a dead silence. His eyes wandered vacantly round the shop; they fell upon the shelf of mince-pies; and as he jerked his head in the opposite direction, his glance caught hardly less assuring object. Upon the pavement before the shop sat Angel, more hideous than ever, his little bleared eyes appearing to Mr. Chirrup to be winking upon him between the confection bottles.

The poor pastry-cook groaned audibly. "And for you," he murmured, "for you I'm a murderer. For you I'll have taken the life of a fellow-creature—a sinful one, but still a fellow-creature. Oh dear! Oh dear! I wonder if he's alive yet."

And so saying Chirrup's head fell heavily upon the desk, and he remained motionless. He was

roused by the noise of footsteps and a grating voice, and starting up with a quickened inspiration, he saw the ugly face of Snitch gazing at him, over the screen of the desk.

For a moment the two men looked at each other. Chirrup's face was as white as paper, tears were flowing down his cheeks, the facial muscles were rigid, and the eyes had a wild stare.

"So," said Snitch very slowly, "so." Chirrup's legs appeared to twitch under him, and a cold hand seemed to clasp his heart. In a moment the blood rushed through him, like a cataract, and, as he started up, his face was purple.

"What is it?" he rather screamed than said.

"Oh, ah! nothing," drawled Snitch. "Have you anything to say about my dog?"

"No, no, no," exclaimed the pastry-cook.

"That's lucky," drawled Snitch, "I thought you had."

"What do you want? quick!" shouted the confectioner.

“Only one of your famous mince-pies,” responded the other.

It was the first time Snitch had ever asked for such a thing, and Chirrup thought that he laid a significant emphasis upon the “famous.” The poor fellow sunk backwards on his stool, and glared upon his customer, who gazed at him in turn as though he would look into his very soul. Snitch spoke at last.

“There ‘s something the matter with you,” he said, with more apparent feeling than could have been looked for; “I ‘ll call again.” Then he fixed a second long look upon the pallid, working face before him, and whistling for Angel, left the shop.

Chirrup followed him with his eyes until he disappeared, and then struck the desk a violent blow with his clenched fist. “He knows it,” he muttered; “in half an hour all Forty-winks will know it. — What will they say at the Lamb to-night. No one will believe my story. Poison a dog with a mince-pie, and then leave it on the

counter—no, no! And then my hesitating, and going to the out-of-the-way shop to buy the arsenic; and my running out like a madman after nobody knows what! I'm lost, lost, lost! Pity and look down on me! I'm lost!"

At this moment a man entered the shop; Chirrup recognised the pale face of the druggist of the back street.

"Don't say I sold you the arsenic, and I'll not denounce you for the murder," he said in a hoarse whisper.

The pastry-cook moved his lips, but no sound passed them.

"I'm a man with a young family," pleaded the druggist, always in the same horrible whisper; "I love my wife! I do; I was in the wrong to sell you the poison; but, my children, my children! if I am transported they will die in the workhouse, I know they will. Confess, but spare me."

Chirrup could only wave his hand; and the man vanished from the shop, taking, however, a couple of tarts with him, and displaying them when

he reached the street, as though to satisfy everybody as to the cause of his visit to the pastry cook's.

The self-condemned poisoner sat for two or three minutes speechless ; at length he found his voice.

" I shall be hanged, hanged, hanged, by the neck until I am dead ; and the Lord have mercy upon my soul," he groaned, unconsciously repeating part of the terrible phraseology of the extreme sentence of the law. Then he paused ; suddenly his eye brightened. " I shall not be hanged," he cried ; " no, no, there is the Slush," and he rose from his seat and wiped the cold sweat from his forehead.

At this moment the glass door opened, and Pattie looked timidly into the shop. The eyes of the uncle and niece met.

" Go away," he said ; " Go away, good girl ; go, do go ! "

" But uncle, uncle, I am frightened ; oh tell me, has anything happened ? "

“I can’t tell her,” muttered Chirrup; and then he murmured aloud, “No, no, child, nothing. Go into the parlour, and I’ll come to you—or stay, I’m not well, I shall go out into the air for a little; when I go, come and mind the shop; I’ll be back presently.”

Pattie withdrew with anything but a satisfied countenance; and her uncle hastily seizing a piece of paper, scribbled in almost illegible characters the following note:—

“I confess the poisoning, but I did not mean it. I am the victim of circumstances. I’ll be found in the Slush. Don’t think too ill of me. I could not bear to die on the gallows. I leave my all to my niece Pattie; and I hope Government won’t interfere

“JOHN CHIRRUP.”

This incoherent epistle the almost paralysed man folded with trembling hands, and then, taking up the pen, he sought to address it. His mind appeared for the moment to have left him, for he

paused and squeezed his forehead with his left hand, as though he would recall the name he wished to trace; and then, as if unable to succeed, he uttered a despairing exclamation, wrote rapidly the words, "To Any One," flung the letter thus comprehensively addressed upon the counter, and calling, "Pattie, Pattie, mind the shop," tottered out and walked rapidly towards the spot where the bridge crosses the Slush, just above a deep black pool, bordered with rank water-weeds, and known as the "Drowned Man's Hole."



CHAPTER III.



AFTER Snitch had left the pastry-cook's shop, he proceeded towards a secluded lane, a favourite haunt of his. He could not help noticing the general agitation visible in the little

community ; but as he was not on speaking terms with the multitude, he was left to wend on his way uninformed as to the cause. Near the end of the lane in question, there had been an old quarry, long

wrought out and now overgrown with furze and brushwood. Mr. Snitch, walking softly as was his habit, observed, in the quarry-hole in question, a lean vagrant-looking boy, sitting on a big stone, and looking with eager eyes upon a plump mince-pie. Suddenly the juvenile started up, looked anxiously round, and appeared to listen intently. Snitch slid noiselessly behind a stunted bush, and watched. Apparently the boy's alarm was groundless, for he resumed his seat, gloated upon the pastry which he held in hand, and then raised it to his mouth.

Snitch, never remarkably amiable, happened at this particular moment to be even more ill-tempered than usual ; for he was curious to know the cause of the disturbance he had just seen in the streets, but too proud to lay himself under the obligation of asking. He therefore sneaked up behind the boy ; and just as that young gentleman was in the act of opening a pair of pretty capacious jaws for the first bite, the pie was rudely snatched out of his hands ; and starting up and looking round,

the vagrant found himself face to face with Snitch.

“It would have been so nice, wouldn’t it?” drawled the owner of Angel, in his most provoking tones. He expected a burst of indignant outcry from the despoiled one, but the boy uttered not a sound. He cast a quick suspicious glance about, however, and so did Snitch; for hardened as he was, he would have been ashamed at having been caught in such a contemptible piece of petty tyranny. But nobody was in sight.

“Do you like mince-pies, my poor boy?” taunted Snitch. “Why don’t you cry for it, eh?”

The person addressed, however, probably had his own reasons for making no noise about the outrage; for, after a moment’s pause, he darted away at full speed, closely pursued by Angel, who always followed any retreating object with cannibalistic designs, leaving the astonished Snitch with the mince-pie in his hand.

“Hallo! hallo!” he shouted to his dog; “seize him, boy, seize him!”

Angel required little such encouragement. He was close at the boy's heels as the latter rounded a distant corner of the lane ; they both disappeared, therefore, nearly at the same moment ; but a loud cry, which was heard a minute after, followed by the re-appearance of Angel, licking his lips after his usual fashion on such occasions, sufficiently explained the issue of the chase to Mr. Snitch, who laughed to himself, put the pie into his pocket, and then slowly retraced his steps to No. 10 High Street.

In the meantime poor Pattie was left alone in the shop, bewildered and afraid. Curious faces passed and repassed upon the pavement, and peeped in at the door, and through the windows. The girl's heart beat until she herself heard it ; she had never before known other than mere childish griefs, but she had now an awful consciousness that something incredibly fearful had happened. Twice did she essay to gain the street to make inquiries, but her knees shook, and her heart got sick, so she sat down again.

Suddenly the door was darkened by the presence of Mrs. Groats, the baker's wife. Pattie rose mechanically as to attend upon a customer. Mrs. Groats stood at the counter and eyed the girl with



a gaze of mingled curiosity and hearty pity. Mrs. Groats had the faults and the virtues of woman-kind. She had entered the shop to see Pattie—perhaps to pick up any little odd particulars

of what was wrong—perhaps to indulge in the luxury of witnessing and comforting another's woe ; but however that may have been, the pallid frightened face of the girl checked any outpouring either of vulgar curiosity or commonplace sympathy, and the baker's wife stood motionless before the confectioner's niece.

“ What can I serve you with ? ” said Pattie. Familiar as was the phrase, the low peculiar tone with which it was uttered, made Mrs. Groat start and tremble. She hurriedly named some trifling article of pastry ; but, immediately checking herself, said that it would do to-morrow, and hurried from the shop. The baker's wife had unconsciously paid a tribute to the majesty of woe.

Pattie stood and looked vacantly in the direction in which the would-be customer had disappeared. It was evident that something terrible was wrong. Her uncle—where was her uncle, her loved, her only relative ? she threw her hands aloft wildly, a choking something rose in her throat, then a burst of tears came to her relief, and she laid her

head upon the counter and wept. Suddenly she started up—an idea had flashed across her. She was in the act of rushing to the desk when her eye caught the note lying upon the counter, and with a cry of eagerness she darted upon it, and snatching it up, read the desperate inscription, “To Any One.”

“To any one”—what despair was there in the words! No fondness, no love, no remembrance of her. It was evidently her uncle’s last words, and they were addressed “to any one.” She held the note in her hand, her eyes rivetted upon the superscription, her limbs motionless as paralysed. At that moment some one entered; she knew it was not her uncle’s step, and did not look up until she was startled by Snitch’s voice.

“Chirrup not come back yet?” he growled. Pattie mechanically held the note out to Snitch. She had forgotten her old enemy. In the extremity of her distress all men became equal.

Switch took it. “To Any One,” he said.

Pattie nodded, and looked at him with a lustreless eye.

"As you don't seem to have opened it," he said, "I suppose you count yourself no one; well, I 'm not so modest;" and he unfolded the paper, starting backwards as he read the first sentence.

Peevish, sulky, cross, and bilious as Snitch



was, there was something so awful and unexpected in the words he saw before him, that he could have wished the whole affair a dream. This feeling lasted but for a moment. His mind, once opened to the appalling depth of the calamity, began to take a morbid interest, then a horrible enjoyment, in the catastrophe; and when, on a sign from Pattie, he read the note aloud, he accentuated every syllable—ramming them, so to speak, like bodkins into Pattie's shrinking soul.

When he had finished there was a pause. Pattie sat, like a marble statue, tearless and unmoved. There are some moments of deep distress which do the work of years on the human soul. There are instants of fearful feeling which develop powers, produce purity, purge away follies and vain affections, as flame cleanses metal. Pattie's mind was undergoing the terrible ordeal. Snitch absolutely grew frightened as he gazed on her; she was awfully beautiful in her pallor. Her hair appeared as if it rustled and rose upwards; her eye shone like balls of fire, yet never moved or winked

her nostrils only heaved and dilated ; her teeth were clenched—you could hear them grinding in the silence. The soul of the girl was passing into the soul of the woman.

At length Pattie started up, and flinging her arms over her head, cried with a terrible voice, “ I do not believe it ! ”

“ Here is his writing,” said Snitch, “ and signed John Chirrup ; I know the loop of the J. I ’m sorry for it ; I should not have thought it.”

There was another pause, which was broken by the noise of many voices and approaching footsteps. They came nearer and nearer, and then there appeared a disorderly crowd, who flocked round the shop-door, all shouting and asking hurried questions, and leaping on each others’ shoulders to gaze upon some one in the middle. In a moment the grand centre of the attraction appeared. Chirrup, his clothes streaming with water, his face blue and haggard, tottered into the shop, supported by two men.

“ Look arter your uncle, Miss,” said one of

them, addressing Pattie, roughly, but not disrespectfully. "We're afeared that he's taken bad here," and the speaker tapped his forehead.

"Me and my mate, Miss," said Chirrup's other supporter, "was a-hauling the siene in the Dead-man's Hole, when we see Mr. Chirrup a-coming along the bridge like a raging madman. Mate, sez I, do you see that ere, sez I, when afore the words were out of my mouth, danged if the gen'lm'n had n't jumped over the parapet into the river."

"Lucky thing, Miss, our punt was a-nigh," interrupted the first of Chirrup's preservers. "As it was, he tried hard to get to the bottom, but we teuk him out a'most in spite of himself."

"And brought him home; and it's our advice, Miss, to send for a doctor, and not lose no time, which is precious." This was said by the fisherman No. 2, the gentlemen in fact appearing to relieve each other regularly in narrating the untoward tale.

All this time Chirrup sat motionless upon a chair into which he had sunk, and merely glanced

with a semi-vacant look from one speaker to the other.

Pattie hastily offered the men money and thanks, and whispered them for Heaven's sake to clear the shop. This they were not long in effecting, particularly as Angel joined his energies to theirs, until everybody was in the street but his coadjutors, when he attacked and drove them out too.

Snitch then shut the door; and, after a fearful pause, said to Chirrup—holding the note in his hand—

“Is it true?”

The greatest painter who ever handled a brush would have failed, had he attempted to pourtray the awful anxiety of Pattie's face as she leaned forward to hear the reply.

“I—I—did not mean to—though I did it,” was the not over-intelligible reply, gasped, rather than spoken, by Chirrup.

Pattie wrung her hands, and despair twitched all her features, leaving them if possible more pallid than before.

Snitch muttered something about his duty to society.

"Listen! I 'll explain—I 'll try to explain," stammered poor Chirrup.

"Explain! explain!" snarled Snitch; "explain poisoning and murdering. No, you will explain them to the judge and the jury."

"The—the—force of circumstances," groaned the pastry-cook; and then he stretched out his arms as though he would embrace his niece. An almost imperceptible gesture forbade him.

This was the crowning blow; the poor fellow sank again back in the chair, and said in an almost inaudible voice, "Go for the officers."

Snitch looked round; uncle and niece appeared like unbreathing statues, and without another word he left the shop. His return was almost immediate, and he was accompanied by Gabriel Clinch, the one town-officer, policeman and turnkey of Forty-winks, who hastily smelt out something in his way, had met Snitch almost on the threshold, and

learned in two words the nature of the supposed crime.

When Chirrup saw Clinch he rose mechanically, and Pattie squeezed her shut hands till the nails touched the quick. A mist came over her eyes. Nature was giving way. She heard a voice say, "Here 's a bad job;" and she heard her uncle reply, "I am ready." Then came a shuffling of feet. The mist appeared to clear away before her, and she saw that the shop was empty. With a shriek which was heard over half Forty-winks, her senses left her, and she fell like a bundle of rags upon the floor.

Fortunately help was near. Worthy Mrs. Groats, with plenteous tears, and innumerable "Who 'd ha' thought it's," was putting the still insensible girl to bed, while Mr. Clinch was locking up her uncle, in a sort of half cell half lumber-room, behind the Town Hall.



CHAPTER IV

RUMOUR'S proverbially multitudinous tongues never wagged faster or went further than they did in the village of Forty-winks the afternoon of Mr. Chirrup's arrest. That event might have taken place about two o'clock. By half past two it was

discovered that the pastry-cook had poisoned a man and his wife; by three that he had sent a man, his wife, and his children, out of the world. In another half hour two families had been murdered; and by dinner time it was popularly reported that everybody who had died in Forty-winks for the last six months owed their decease to the machinations of the awful criminal Chirrup. The excitement increased momentarily. At five o'clock it was announced on good grounds that the confectioner had entered into a contract with a wholesale London chemist for regular supplies of arsenic and prussic acid; and Doctor Druggum's assistant, who was an oracle at the Lamb, horrified all his hearers by long dissertations upon the poisoners of the middle ages, upon the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, and the qualities of brisaine and aqua tofana. New proofs of the guilt of the unhappy Chirrup of course came to light every moment. It was wonderful how brimful people's memories became of suspicious circumstances. Smith stated that he did not know how it was, but that he had never liked that man

Brown recollected that he had always felt a cold shudder whenever he came near him. Thomson said that he had always suspected that there was something wrong; and Johnson added that such had ever been his feelings, although he had never told anybody. Mr. Higgins, the parish clerk, thought the catastrophe an awful instance of human depravity: but he had all along suspected that nothing good would come of Chirrup's going to a dissenting chapel—a position which Mr. Wiggins, an eminent office-bearer in the Little Bethesda New Light Chapel, in Cross Lane, controverted with such zeal and vehemence, that the two champions of rival systems had nearly brought their dispute to the ancient ordeal of trial by combat, when the whole room were awed by the announcement, made on unknown but implicitly believed authority, that Chirrup had entered into an awful scheme for poisoning all Forty-winks, and that every bit of pastry which had issued that morning from his shop had been seasoned, some with quick, some with slow, but all with deadly poison.

There was a horrible pause in the public room of the Lamb at this announcement, and not long after it a young man, with light hair, cold grey stony eyes, and a face swollen and pimpled by that saddest of habits, youthful intemperance, quietly rose and glided out of the room. Nobody observed his departure, and in a few moments the broken conversation was renewed, but in a subdued and whispering tone.

Mention has been made in a former part of this history of a certain high blank wall, which shut out from vulgar view the garden of the Grange. The Grange was an ugly ancient red brick mansion, built possibly in the days of Queen Anne, with numerous small windows, a high steep tiled roof a strong battalion of chimney pots, and a big hall door, sheltered by a species of clumsy canopy of rudely carved oak, and approached by a flight of broken and weed-grown steps, flanked by massive iron railings. Altogether, the place was very like those dreary architectural decorations which abound in samplers, placed above the letters of the alphabet,

and supported on either hand by an array of worsted figures. There was a patch of grass before the house, around which grew, out of the weedy and neglected ground, some fine old horse chestnuts, overshadowing a mass of tangled shrubbery and undergrowth.

The Grange was inhabited but by three persons, the proprietor, his son, and an old male servant. Neither the first nor the last of these ever crossed the threshold of the grounds. Glimpses might be sometimes caught of their grey heads at the windows, and occasionally, during a summer afternoon, two shabby-looking old men were visible, sunning themselves on a bench which was placed along a wall, or tottering backwards and forwards on the weedy gravel before the door. It would be difficult to tell from their dress, or from their manner to each other, which was the master and which the servant. They seemed to have outlived all such distinctions of rank, and, as the grave opened wider and wider before them, to be preparing to descend into it as brothers in a common manhood.



The third personage of this mysterious household was the young man I have just mentioned as having left the public room of the Lamb, upon the receipt of the horrifying intelligence of Chirrup's wholesale designs against the lives of the population of Forty-winks. This man, who was the son and heir of the proprietor of the Grange, was known by the appellation of Young Martin—his father

being sometimes termed "Old Martin," sometimes, in a still less complimentary fashion, "Old Miser Martin," and sometimes the "Squire." Young Martin bore in Forty-winks the very well-deserved character of a worthless and dissipated man, with hardly one good point about him.



Although the heir-apparent to the Grange with its appertaining lands, which formed a small but valuable estate, he was seldom or never to be seen beneath any respectable roof in Forty-winks, and even in the public room of the Lamb he was as much shunned and neglected as a man could be without receiving the positive cut-direct. His chief associate was a fellow who bore no enviable reputation, and who gained a living nominally as a dog-fancier and a horse-doctor ; but who added to these crafts certain accomplishments which he deemed it prudent to keep under the rose, whereof night-poaching with nets and dog-stealing were said not to be the most culpable. Young Martin was, however, tolerably popular amongst the tribe of hostlers and stable boys. He was always ready to toss a helper for a pint of ale, and passed much of his time in smoking in inn-yards and stables. He kept a horse of his own, too—a blood mare ; was a fearless rider ; and, after he had steadied his arm with a couple of small glasses of brown brandy, a dead shot. Add to these accomplishments great skill



in the breeding and crossing of terriers and bulldogs, a competent knowledge of the odds, and some talent for making up a betting-book, and you have a notion of the character of Young Martin, the heir of the Grange.

His accomplishments, however, were very much kept under by the rigid rule of his father's house-

hold. The squire, if not an actual miser, was a hard, griping, eccentric old man. He allowed his son to keep a horse on the condition that he should be his own groom. This, Young Martin, who, as we know, had tastes smacking rather of the stable than the drawing-room, readily consented to, and days frequently passed over without the father and son meeting—the former passing nearly all his time in company with Crooks, his old servitor, with whom he also took his meals; the son enjoying the delightful society of his own set in Forty-winks, or in any of the beer houses in the neighbourhood.

As may be imagined, old Martin was reputed to be enormously wealthy. His rents were regularly paid, and as regularly deposited in the county bank, a branch of which had premises, an agent, and a couple of clerks in the High Street of Forty-winks. The son, of course, looked eagerly for the moment when Death, stalking into the gloomy old Grange, would strike the old man down, and leave him undisputed heir of the house, the estate, and the accumulated treasures heaped up by its present

possessor. He had already formed his plans for action after the happy event, and made no scruple of talking them over with the dog-fancier and other gentlemen of kindred tastes and sentiments; the conversation, which was usually held over flowing mugs of ale, being generally terminated by a toast, expressive of the earnest hope and prayer of the company that the old Squire might make as speedy as possible an exit from this world of sin and suffering.

Such, then, was the younger Mr. Martin, such were his tastes, and such his position in his family circle. He had been listening with vulgar curiosity to the details of alleged crimes, brought by open-mouthed relators, each one improving upon his neighbour's version, into the excited parlour of the Lamb. He had been drinking ale, when suddenly he started slightly, his hands involuntarily clenched, his mouth opened, a glare of baleful light passed through his bleared, fishy eyes, and he remained sunk in thought. The company talked noisily, but he did not heed them, and

was in his turn unnoticed. All at once he pushed aside the half-finished mug of ale, and called for brandy.

“Warm with, sir?” asked the waiter.

“Neat,” said Martin; “a quartern.”

The liquor was brought, and he drank it slowly, glass after glass. It was then that, after a short pause, he left the room, and took his way to the Grange. Martin had been drinking freely before he called for the brandy; but the strong spirit did not appear to have produced any additional effect upon his seasoned composition.

“It makes me bold, though,” he murmured to himself; “bold and steady—bold and steady.”

It had been dark for about an hour, and the streets of Forty-winks were almost deserted. The shops, too, appeared to be left to themselves; for owners and customers were alike discussing the events of the day by their fire-sides. Chirrup’s shop was dark and closed—a precaution taken by Mrs. Groat in consequence of a strong demonstration of a popular intention of breaking the windows.

Martin, therefore, reached the gate of the grounds before the Grange without having encountered a mortal. He took a key from his pocket, opened a little wicket by the side of the carriage entry, and walked hastily towards the house. Then, and not until then, as though he had been afraid even to think to himself in the public streets, did the confused and black imaginings of his mind take a settled form and purpose.

“ I ’ll do it,” he muttered. “ If I wait a dozen of years my father may not die, and I can never expect the ghost of a chance like this again. Nobody can know, nobody can accuse. Chirrup has poisoned half the town ; why should he not have poisoned the old man also ? But, besides, it won’t be me after all. I know they got some things from his shop to-day. I did not recommend them ; I did not bring them ; I did not make them eat ’em. They ’ll do it of their own free will, and I won’t interfere, that ’s all. If a man falls into a river, and I don’t pull him out, it ’s not murder. No more is this. By Jove. I ’m in luck’s way ! and

I'd be a fool if I did not avail myself of it. There's Crooks, to be sure. His death will do me no good; but to save him, would be to spoil all. No, no. As they are so fond of each other, let them go together."

Thus reasoning—thus attempting to shift from himself the moral as well as the legal guilt of the crime which he had made up his mind to commit, Young Martin reached the Hall door, and by means of his latch-key immediately entered, drawing bolt and fastening chain behind him, as if possessed by an instinctive fear of the deed being interrupted.

Old Martin dined late, and avaricious and saving as he was, liked to dine comfortably. Consequently, the handiworks of Chirrup were no strangers to his table. Indeed, that very morning poor Pattie had conveyed a certain tart to the Grange, which had been received at the outer gate by Crooks, and had not been unnoticed by the son and heir as he went forth upon his usual pursuits.

With the step of a thief and a murderer, Young Martin ascended the ample staircase which led to

the dining-room. He felt that he was pale, and that his hair was bristling upwards; but the spirits which he had drunk in part sustained him; and though a cold sweat started out upon his brow, he experienced little trepidation and no remorse. He knew that he should feel both the next day; but he argued that that should not stop his present resolve—a resolve which, once reduced to action, would open to him in a moment the career for which he had so long been sighing.

Half-way up the stairs he threw off his boots, and then groped his way silently onwards. The door of the apartment which his father and the old servant generally used as an eating and sitting room was ajar, and he heard their voices in careless conversation, mingled with the usual dinner clatter of knives and forks. A moment more, and he was kneeling on the landing-place, peeping through the chink between the lintel and the half-opened door. His breath came thick and fast, and he had to steady himself by placing one hand upon the floor, as he gazed upon his intended victims.



They sat in a large, lofty, wainscotted old room, its scanty, antique, and uncomfortable looking furniture dimly discernible by the fitful blinks of a small fire, and the smoky light of a single candle, which wavered and eddied in the draughts. A small round table was drawn up close to the grate. The master sat in a well-worn arm-chair, the serving man upon a stool, which evidently appertained to a battered old spinet which stood in a corner. The difference in point of seat was not the only one which served to mark the relative positions of the patron and dependant. Before Old Martin was

placed a silver goblet of ale ; before Crooks stood a pewter mug, foaming with the same nut-brown draught.

But it was rather what they ate, than what they drank, that interested Young Martin. In fact, the substantials of the dinner appeared to have been just removed by Crooks, who set upon the table a dish which he had fetched from the sideboard. The heir recognised the tart which Pattie had brought to the Grange ; and as he glared upon it he grasped the region of the heart, as though to prevent its beatings from revealing the awful secret.

Meanwhile the old man divided the fatal pastry.

“ Chirrup is a great man for paste,” he observed, as he loaded his plate with a liberal portion, and passed the dish to his favoured servant.

“ It is very good, sir, very good,” said Crooks ; “ too good for me. I only wish my young master was here to share it.”

“ Your young master !” repeated the squire, and there was a concentrated bitterness in his tone.

“A profligate, Crooks ; a low-minded, low-living, low-loving vagabond. He will never be your master!”

Young Martin’s hands clenched, and his teeth closed.

“Do you think,” resumed his father, “that he shall have the Grange lands, Crooks, to feast and to fatten on with poachers and dog-fanciers? No. Thank God! my father broke the entail, and his grandson shall feel the sweets of the process. My mind is made up. The Grange shall go to the County Hospital. Better to aid the stricken poor, than to feed the heartless profligate.”

“But, sir—but, my master—” Crooks ventured to intercede

“Be silent,” said the Squire. “He has carved out his own fate.”

There was a moment’s pause.

“Eat, man, eat!” said Old Martin, imperiously ; and with clenched teeth and glaring eyes his son beheld master and man partake of the first morsel of the fatal pastry. For an instant a good impulse

flashed upon his soul. His tongue stirred to utter a warning cry, and his muscles moved as though they would involuntarily bear him on to interrupt the deadly repast. It was but for a moment. He repulsed the good angel as though it had been an evil spirit. The words of the old man ringing in his ears drowned the soul-heard whisper, which thrilled for a moment through his being. "Disinherit me!" he murmured. "Aha! is it come to that? Then, eat, eat, eat!" Then a horrid sort of fascination seemed to seize him. He was not conscious of breathing, he was rooted as by a waking nightmare to the spot; and with his eyes glued to the small aperture through which he gazed, he watched the consumption of the fatal viand. Both master and man, old as they were, eat heartily; and it was not until a tolerably large portion of the pastry had disappeared that Young Martin felt the awful guilt of the murderer settle upon his soul. It came on, so to speak, slowly. It was not as though a blow had been struck—one final and fatal stab had been inflicted. The damning conscious-

ness of his sin rose up gradually in his mind ; a cold hand appeared slowly but surely to gather round his heart ; he became faint and sick ; his sight failed him ; and it was by a tremendous effort that he rose from his stooping posture and staggered down the stairs.

In the hall he stopped to listen. He heard the old man cough, and the echoes of the long still house, multiplied and repeated the sound.

"The death rattle," he muttered ; and with a trembling hand he undid the fastenings of the door, and fled out into the open night. Once clear of the outer gate, he walked quickly towards the High Street. As he went he passed a feeble wavering lamp which showed him his shadow blackening the uneven way. He stopped and looked at it. "I am a parricide," he muttered, "but my shadow is unchanged ; why then should my face be altered ?" and then he proceeded rapidly along. Before clearing the dark lane in which the Grange was situated, a long low howl struck his ear. He involuntarily paused and shook with fear, so drear

and wailing was the sound. "It 's only that damned dog of Snitch's," he murmured, and quickly passed on.

The Lamb was the first place he entered. He thought it as well to prevent the slightest breath of suspicion, and therefore walked into the public room, which he had quitted not much more than an hour before.

"Ah, Martin, back again; well, any more news?" said Mr. Groats, the baker.

The man addressed made a mighty effort, and answered calmly—

"I did n't hear any: I have not been home; only up at Bob Hurry's." This was his dog-fancying friend.

"Well, as I was saying," resumed a voice from near the fire-place, which Young Martin knew to belong to the fussy doctor's assistant; "Well, from what we hear, prussic acid is the drug which has been used by that unhappy man, Chirrup. Now, the effects of prussic acid are well known. It is a quick as well as a deadly poison; and the

first sign of its taking effect is sometimes an involuntary scream ; sometimes a hollow cough-like noise appearing to proceed from the involuntary but simultaneous action of the lungs and the muscles of the thorax."

" I have heard it," were the words, or at all events the thought, which rose up in Martin's mind, and without saying a syllable he slunk out, and proceeded to another tavern in which he was well known, and where he would be little likely to hear a dissertation upon the properties of either briscine, prussic acid, or aqua tofana.

A group of his stable friends were seated at the board, and they welcomed him with noisy acclamations. The wretched man called for spirits, drank deeply, talked loudly, laughed boisterously, and was all the while guessing in his inmost soul in what parts of the room the bodies of his father and old Crooks were lying.

The more he drank to drive the fancy away, the more it settled upon him, until at length he



found himself conjuring up the semblance of the bodies in the room in which he sat.

“Could I but speak of them,” he inwardly soliloquised ; “could I but keep talking ; could I but pretend to cry over them, all would be well ; but ’t is I—myself must give the alarm.”

He called for spirits ; drank glass after glass to screw his courage to the sticking point ; and then, managing to take leave of the rabble by whom he was surrounded, walked, in a half-resolute, half-stupified state of mind, to the Grange.

He paused before the gate to summon up his scattered faculties, but he was too much agitated effectually to use the key of the wicket which he possessed ; although, after mechanically ringing the bell, he continued to attempt to open the gate himself.

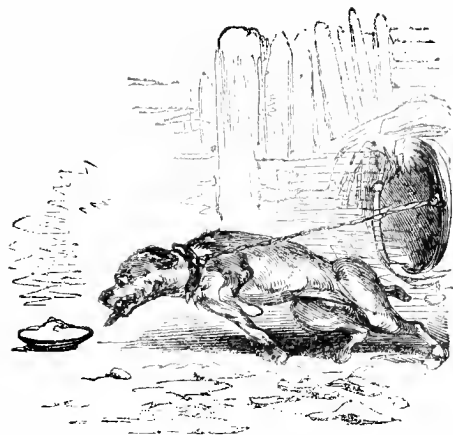
The click produced by the sudden unshooting of the hasp from within, made him start backwards, and at the same moment the door opened the sudden flash of a lamp flickered through the gloom, and Young Martin saw two dark shadowy forms and two pale faces—the faces of his father and his father's servitor, whom he believed that he had left in the agonies of death.

With an inarticulate yell he staggered back and fell upon the road.

“He is drunk,” said Old Martin, “Let him lie.”

The door was closed, the bolt was shot, the light vanished, and the drear wind of December howled amongst the leafless trees and over the insensible body of the murderer in mind, who lay motionless upon the stones





CHAPTER V

MEANTIME night crept slowly on, and the two good-hearted gossips, Mrs. Groats and Mrs. Tanks, still sat by the bed-side of poor Pattie. The girl had been, in their own phrase, "out of one fit into another" for hours, but these nervous struggles had gradually subsided, and the pastry-cook's niece had at length sunk into a sort of stupor, half doze, half faint.

The women talked in whispers, looking fearfully around the room, which was lighted only by one flickering candle. The heart-broken girl lay almost motionless and partially undressed upon the bed; her face damp and pallid; her lips sometimes moving, as though she muttered to herself; her eyes partly open, but glazed and dull; and her little foot, agitated probably by some nervous twitching of the muscles, beating a sort of mechanical tattoo on one of the bed-posts.

From time to time the attendant women would look earnestly at her, and ask her how she felt, and try to raise her head to a more easy position upon the pillow. Once a faint smile of thanks seemed to pass across her face, and opening her eyes she fixed them gratefully upon her kind nurses. Then in a moment a shuddering consciousness of what had happened appeared to flash across her. She quickly hid her face with her hands, and her whole frame became agitated by a renewal of the hysteric attacks.

At length, as I have said, they abated, and the girl lay in a sort of life-in-death state.

“They ’ll hang him,” whispered Mrs. Groats to her colleague in the watch; “they ’ll hang him, depend upon it.”

“It seems a dream,” responded the lady addressed. “Such a peticklar kind man too he always looked. It was no later nor Tuesday that he patted our Johnny upon the head, gave him a lollipop, and told him to be a good boy.”

“Then you may be a thankful woman,” said Mrs. Groats solemnly; “you may be a thankful woman, Mrs. Tanks, that Johnny is not lying screwed down this very minute.”

“Lor’ a’ mercy,” said the grocer’s wife, instinctively rising as if to hurry home in case Johnny should have been taken with some desperate symptom since she had left him at tea time, and then resuming her seat as she recalled to mind his flourishing condition all day; “Lor’ a’ mercy, Mrs. Groats, how you do frighten a body to be sure.”

The baker's wife was as good-natured a person as need be. She was utterly shocked at Chirrup's supposed crime, and sincerely felt for his unprotected niece; but, like many other folks, she took a morbid pleasure in prating about other people's misfortunes, and making all manner of dismal gratuitous suppositions about them.

"He 'll be hanged," she repeated, "next 'sizes."

"If it was anything but murder," whispered Mrs. Tanks. "Really I can hardly bring myself to believe it yet. Now, if it was Snitch, for instance, I should not have wondered."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Groats, solemnly; "it's your quiet sleek men that are sometimes the most dangerous. There's no trusting any of them."

"But that poor child there," whispered Mrs. Tanks, looking at Pattie; "God help her, what is to become of her—without a penny, and almost without a friend. Who will marry a girl whose uncle has been hanged?"

"She must leave the country," said Mrs. Groats decidedly.

"She need not leave it, so long as she wishes to stay, and so long as we have a roof over our heads," said the kind-hearted partner of the grocer of Forty-winks.

"I don't know," whispered Mrs. Groats. "We all know what a spirit Pattie had. I don't think she'd take assistance from any one here; and if she would, it is my opinion that she will not need it long. Did you ever see such a change in any mortal, as a few hours have made in her?"

The woman was right. The rosy-cheeked, happy-looking damsel of the morning, lay upon her little bed, as pale, as broken, and seemingly as helpless, as if a long and withering sickness had kept her there for weeks.

The two women gazed in silence on the white face, and the twitching limbs. No sound, except the low sobs with which the invalid drew her breath, was stirring in the chamber. Without, the night-wind came sighing in fitful moans,

every now and then rustling, with a low rattle, the leafless branches of the trees.

All at once, a loud unearthly howl broke the monotony of these dreary sounds.

"What's that?" said both the attendants, in a breath.

"It came from behind the house," whispered Mrs. Groats. "God be about us! it was a fearsome yell."

"Nonsense!" said her companion, obviously reassured by an idea which struck her; "it is just that nasty brute of a dog, that Snitch keeps—I do declare—I think on purpose to annoy the neighbourhood."

And so Mrs. Groats and Mrs. Tanks drew aside the window-blind, and looked out. The back door, leading from Snitch's kitchen to the garden, was open, and a red gleam of light fell through it upon the trampled muddy ground, showing Angel's kennel, and Angel himself, securely chained to his wooden dwelling; but leaping, straining, and struggling in his bonds, as if

to get at something tantalisingly placed just beyond the scope of his chain. In another moment the women could distinguish in the gloom the figure of Snitch himself, evidently tempting the dog with some dainty, which he allowed him to sniff, but not to bite. What the cate was, the observers could not well make out ; but it appeared to be something round, or oval—very much the shape, in fact, of a mince-pie. At length, Snitch, with a dry, rattling laugh, placed the morsel on the ground, just beyond the dog's reach, and then retreated in-doors.

"Now, did you ever see the likes of that?" demanded Mrs. Groats. "The brute is bad enough, but the man is worse."

"I suppose," replied her companion, "that he's tempting the animal, just to make it howl ; it has been uncommonly quiet till now."

Whether such had or had not been Mr. Snitch's intention, it is impossible now to say ; but at all events, the effect of his proceedings was, to cause Angel, in his wrath, to favour the neigh-

bourhood with a voluble series of howls, screamed in his very loudest and very highest key.

“Ugh! the brute,” said Mrs. Groats, returning to the fire-side; “if Chirrup had only poisoned him instead of a human——Eh!—eh!—eh!—what’s that?”

The latter exclamation was occasioned by a



movement of Pattie's. As if struck by an electric shock, the girl started up in her bed, and then bounded on the floor. The two women fairly fled to different corners of the room, so sudden and unexpected was the manœuvre, leaving Pattie, her long hair waving round her pale face, in the centre of the apartment.

“Who is dead? who is it that my uncle has poisoned?” she screamed rather than said.

Now, it is possible that many of my readers may ask how it happened that this question was not put before. I reply to their demand, in Scotch fashion, by putting another. Do they know the nature of a panic? How often do we hear of a blind, instinctive, impulsive, epidemic terror, taking sudden hold of a squadron of warriors, and setting them all to the right about, at double quick time, perhaps without a man of them having any definite notion of where he is running to, or what he is running from. The impulse of imitation is strong in men—as in sheep. Let one passenger stare up at the firmament in Cheapside,

and half the street will join him, without a single lady or gentleman of them all being the least aware what the interesting object may be at which he or she is gazing.

Forty-winks was seized by some such panic—some such imitative impulse. Chirrup believed himself a poisoner. He confessed it. Others believed it too. Why should they not? The vaguest and wildest rumours flew about. Now, one man was said to be the victim—now, another; now, two men—now, four. It was nobody's business to trace out the truth. The judicial examination would take place next day. Every one knew that the actual facts would then be ascertained, and every one was fain to wait until they were.

Every one, except Pattie. Mrs. Groats and Mrs. Tanks gazed at her in bewilderment, and replied not. She repeated the question—

“Who is dead? who is it that my uncle has poisoned?”

At length, Mrs. Groats collected her scattered wits to reply.

"She's wandering," thought that good lady; and then said in a coaxing voice,

"Come dear, come—you will go to bed again—won't you?—there's a love."

"Who is dead? tell me—tell me. His name—his name," shrieked Pattie.

"No—now—my poor dear," whimpered Mrs. Tanks, making a step in advance, with outstretched arms; "no—no—come, you must not think of it—try to get some rest—do try."

"Who is dead?" screamed the girl; "I will know—who?"

The matrons looked at each other, and Pattie looked at them. There was a moment's silence within the chamber, broken but by Angel's howling without. Then Pattie began deliberately, but with slightly trembling fingers, to dress herself.

"What—what are you doing?" ejaculated the baker's wife.

"Where—where are you going?" stammered the grocer's wife.

"To the mayor's," said Pattie calmly.

“To the mayor’s?” screamed the women together.

Pattie tied her bonnet on her head — the matrons made as though they would oppose her exit.

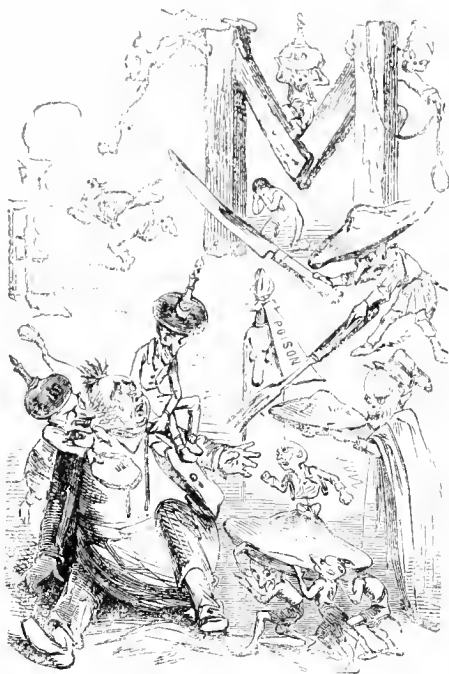
“Do not stop me, if you please,” said the girl. They were simple words these, but both Mrs. Tanks and Mrs. Groats declared long afterwards that they would never forget them. Perhaps it was the way in which they were said that made them memorable. At all events, the gossips shrunk silently aside, and Pattie passed between them. “You may come after me if you like,” she said, and then issued into the street, and without another word her friends followed her.

Mrs. Groats, however, lingered for a moment; as she passed through the shop her eye fell upon one of these long wooden spade-like utensils which are used by bakers and pastry-cooks for depositing in and withdrawing bread, pies, and so forth from their ovens. A malicious idea sparkled in her eye. She took it up, went straight to the back yard, bent

over the paling which separated Chirrup's ground from Snitch's, and pushed the substance which Angel was howling to get at within his reach. The dog fastened on it with a growl, and began to devour it greedily.

“Drat that Snitch,” said Mrs. Groats, “and his dog too; I wish it was poisoned with all my heart.” And then she rejoined her friend with all convenient speed.

CHAPTER VI.



R. John Fuzz,
the mayor of
Snuggleton,
lived hard
by in a big
house in the
High Street.
He was just
sitting down
with his
lady mayor-
ess and
his friends
Alderman
Bumptious

and Alderman Gumble, who had dropped in to
make arrangements for the official examination of
next day, to a very comfortable hot supper, when a

scuffling of feet was heard upon the stairs, mingled with shrill objurgations from female voices—then the door was flung violently open, and Pattie stood before them. The party shrank back aghast.

“Mr. Fuzz,” said Pattie, “my uncle is in prison for murder—whom has he murdered?”

The men in office looked at each other and made no reply. At length the mayor spoke: “My girl,”



said he, "you must be aware that this is not the time for judicial business. To-morrow at ten o'clock——"

"Whom, whom has he murdered?" was the firm reply.

"I repeat," said the mayor, "that to-morrow——"

"To-morrow will not do. This night——this hour——this minute——I must know. I am my uncle's only friend—he is mine. You are the mayor of this town—you have him in custody; deny me—put me off—at your peril; here I stand—here I will stand—until I know whose life my uncle has taken."

"Why—child—child," interposed Mrs. Fuzz.

"I was a child this morning, I am a woman now," said Pattie. "Whom has my uncle murdered?"

The party looked at each other. "Commit her," said Bumptious, who was a man of few words—at all events few good ones.

"I really know not what to say," stammered Gumble. Poor gentleman, it was a common case with him.

“If you can’t tell what crime has been committed,” said Pattie, “how do you know that a crime has been committed at all? Tell me who has been poisoned, or let my uncle go.”

“Really,” said the mayor, “this is very embarrassing.” And the scene was getting more embarrassing still, for the news of Pattie’s proceeding, disseminated in the first instance by Mesdames Groats and Tanks, had gone like wildfire through Forty-winks, and very speedily drew a goodly crowd of the inhabitants towards the mayoral mansion. The foremost of these, finding the door hospitably open—for the girl who had answered Pattie’s summons had engaged in single combat with her all the way up stairs, and then, being utterly routed and discomfited by the visitor’s determination to see her master, had wisely lingered by the parlour door, to hear and see as much as possible—the first comers, I repeat, regarding the open door as a tacit invitation to enter, had availed themselves of it, and before Mr. Mayor had determined how to act, the room was fairly invaded by curious Forty-

winkians, a vast reserve of whom thronged the staircase

“Really,” repeated Mr. Fuzz, “this is embarrassing to the last degree.”

“Who is it that has been poisoned?” re-demanded Pattie.

And the crowd took up the question, and echoed “Who, aye, who?”

Then there was a pause

“It only flashed on me,” said Pattie, “a little ago, that no one had told me who the victim was. I asked—nobody could tell me then; I ask again—nobody can tell me now. May it not be a mistake from beginning to end?”

“A mistake! pooh, pooh, impossible; did not the man himself confess it?” said Bumptious.

“Confess what?” echoed Pattie.

“Poisoning,” said the mayor.

“Who?” re-demanded the girl.

There was another pause. It was broken by a voice in the crowd.

“If nobody knows who it is as has been pisened,

why don't you go and ask Chirrup hisself who he has pisened ?”

This sensible suggestion was acted upon ; and in a moment the whole party were on their march towards the Town Hall, lamps and torches having been forthcoming with a rapidity truly marvellous. Certainly the proceeding was somewhat irregular ; but then, as great events call forth great men, so do unprecedented events give birth to others as unprecedented as themselves.

On their way to the Town Hall, the procession swelled fast in numbers. Pattie particularly observed two men who joined it—the one was Snitch, who had been probably called forth by the unwonted uproar in the street ; the other was Young Martin. Snitch preserved his usual look of grim taciturnity ; Young Martin was ghastly pale, staggered in his gait, and seemed bent upon working himself into the centre of the crowd.

In a few minutes they were in the Town Hall. It was a damp, cold-looking, paltry room, with a long table and benches ranged down the centre.

At the upper end was a small dais, whereon was placed a desk, and three Windsor arm-chairs, in which the mayor and the aldermen without more ado ensconced themselves. The mayoress, who was a kind little body, encircled Pattie's waist with her arm, as she stood beside her husband.

"Bring out the prisoner, Clinch," said the mayor, looking about him at the extraordinary court he was presiding over. And in truth the scene was a strange one. The crowd of anxious faces which swarmed before him, fitfully shown by flaring torches, the light of which danced and flickered on the damp walls—the utter absence of anything like judicial formality, consequent upon the strangeness of the proceedings—and the interest, the intense interest manifested in every gesture and in every face—all this made up a very unusual and very striking spectacle.

"Silence ! silence !" A stir at the lower end of the hall : Clinch was bringing in his prisoner. A dozen torches were flashed, so as to fling their light upon the criminal. His little round face

was pale and ghastly, and Clinch and a subordinate were obliged to support him. He clasped his



hands once or twice, but his eyes never left the floor. Oh! how great was the revolution a few hours had wrought in the jolly, jovial Chirrup.

“John Chirrup, listen to me,” said the mayor. The pastry-cook faintly nodded.

“Certain circumstances in your case have, at the instance of your niece, induced me to accede to this singularly irregular proceeding.”

“Scandalous! scandalous!” muttered Bump-tious.

“I don’t know what to think of it,” said Gumble.

“Now listen!” resumed Mr. Fuzz. “You have confessed to poisoning; who did you poison?”

The head of a pin alone might have been heard to tinkle on the floor, in the silence which ensued.

“Who did you poison?”

Chirrup’s voice was at length heard—“A boy.”

There was a general groan. Pattie stood like a marble statue.

The mayor glanced at the aldermen.

“I thought so,” said Bumptious.

“I don’t know what to think,” responded Gumble.

“Who was he?” asked the mayor.

“I don’t know,” stammered the pastry-cook.

“By heavens!” shouted Fuzz, “this is the most wonderful case of poisoning I ever heard of. Nobody in the town seems killed, and the poisoner don’t know his own victim.”

“He was a stranger,” gasped Chirrup.

“Ah!” said the mayor.

A low murmur went through the crowd.

“How did he get the poison?”

“In a mince-pie.”

Another murmur, louder than the first.

“Then, you confess it?”

“I confess having been the means of putting a fellow-creature to death, but I deny having purposely poisoned him.”

A third murmur, but different in tone from the others.

“You gave him the pie?”

“No—he stole it.”

“Ha!” exclaimed Snitch; “what like was he—eh?”

“A vagrant-looking boy,” said Chirrup.

“My dog! my dog!” exclaimed Snitch.

“I know it—I know it all,” screamed a woman’s voice in the crowd. “Let him off—he’s innocent—he’s innocent—I knew it—I said it—wait—wait.”

And a female suddenly tore her way out of the hall.

“Who is that?” demanded the lord mayor.

“I rather think, my lord,” said Mr. Groat, “that it’s my missus, my lord.”

"Most extraordinary business this," exclaimed Bumptious.

"I don't know what to think," said Gumble.

"We must proceed with the examination," resumed the mayor with dignity.

"Certainly," said Bumptious.

"I think as you think," said Gumble.

"Well, Chirrup, attend," proceeded Mr. Fuzz, in a loud voice; "describe the victim of your villany."

"He has four legs, and no tail at all to speak of," screamed a voice in the stairs; "and it was me that did it!"

"Who is that—what is that?" roared the mayor.

"My lord, I think it is my missus," said the bewildered Mr. Groats.

There was a great stir at the lower end of the hall, and many voices cried aloud.





“Here he is—here’s the boy.”

“Boy in your teeth!” shouted the honest Mrs. Groats; “here’s the only thing that has been killed to-day in Forty-winks,” and she swung upon the table the body of the defunct “Angel.”

“My dog—my dog!” groaned Switch, falling with his head upon the table; “did I take the accursed pie from the blackguard who stole it, that you should be the victim!”



“ You did, you did?” screamed Chirrup. “ Then, hurrah! hurrah! I ’m innocent. Nobody’s been killed! Hurrah!”

“ Hurrah,” shouted the crowd, “ hurrah!”

Pattie raised her arms and eyes to heaven. “ Uncle,” she shrieked—“ uncle!”

The people instinctively opened a lane between them, and in a moment they were in each other’s arms.

“ Hurrah!” shouted the crowd again.

“Order, order,” cried the mayor. “The examination is not over yet.”

Chirrup looked up.

“You put poison in a mince-pie?” said Fuzz.

“I did.”

“For whom did you intend it?”

“For the beast that has got it.”

“Then the vagrant boy stole it; Snitch took it from him; and the dog got it after all.”

“That’s it, that’s it,” screamed Mrs. Groats. “Chirrup made the poisoned pie; the boy stole it from him; Snitch robbed the boy, then tempted the dog with it, and I shoved it within the brute’s reach.”

“Set Chirrup free,” said the mayor. “Snitch, you have committed a robbery, but have prevented a homicide. Go home. The dog ought to have been killed before. I congratulate the community on it’s being dead now. Chirrup, shake hands. You may be proud of your niece. Gentlemen, we will give three cheers for Chirrup and his niece.”

And they were given, and that lustily

“The court is over,” said the mayor.

That night there were happy hearts in Forty-winks; but there were three happier than all the rest. Two I need not mention—Pattie's and Chirrup's.

The third was Young Martin's.

The "poison night," as it was long called in the little town, changed his character, and purged his soul.

In the silence of his chamber he knelt and prayed.

"I was a murderer in thought and will; Chirrup but deemed he was an accidental poisoner. May I live an altered man to thank God for His great mercy."

And he did live, an altered man, a good man, and a meek and humbled man. The old gentleman altered his will in his son's favour; and the father was still alive when Martin, then the loved and honoured heir to the Grange, took Pattie to wife, and Chirrup danced merrily at the wedding.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

COURSE II.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS.

BY

JAMES HANNAY.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS.

CHAPTER I.



IT WAS at that period of the year when summer begins to get *passeé*, when the fresh greenness of the trees fades gradually into faintness, and Londoners begin to leave town—(a cus-

tom now becoming quite alarmingly frequent, for, calling on our grocer the other day, we learned that he had gone up the Rhine)—that a very lively coach arrived at a rather dull inn in town. The guard jumped down to stretch himself with an air of elegant languor, the elderly passengers and luggage were lifted out, and there sprang down from

the roof a young gentleman of about twenty, gay, active, and light. He hurried through the yard, administering a playful touch of his handkerchief to a highly respectable dog that was slumbering there, and gaining the coffee-room, roared out for his breakfast with an air of independence which raised the ire of several steady old gentlemen in the boxes, who were seated with that air of sullen, dogged indifference which is seen nowhere, except on the countenances of the Hottentots and the duller portion of the middle classes. When his breakfast was brought, he ordered the *Times*. He did not pause over the sonorous diction of the leader (indeed, we may remark that young men who are close readers of the papers are apt to degenerate into bores), but turned, with the anxiety of expectance, to the second column. A quick gleam of his blue eyes showed that something of interest met them. He read as follows:—

H. S., who left his home on the —th, is requested to **RETURN** to his disconsolate relatives.

It was with a lively laugh that he threw down the paper, as he mentally answered the advertisement in these terms:—"H. S. will do nothing of the sort. H. S. declines to be turned, by his 'disconsolate relatives,' into either a bagman or a clerk." He finished his breakfast composedly, and having given some directions to a servant touching his bed-room, he sallied out to walk in London, for the first time, with some vague in-

tention of securing a lucrative and honourable appointment in the course of the day.

There was nothing in his look, as he walked gaily down the Strand, that gave token of one who had neglected the natural supports of his position, and cast himself on fortune. Youth floats gaily on its proud ambitious hopes. Alas ! —there are no waters so buoyant as those of the Dead Sea !

Among other things which he saw during his walk, were those inspiriting pictures on the walls in Parliament Street, in which privates who have had the good fortune to get into the East India Company's Artillery, are represented as riding on war-chargers of great power and beauty ; while near them, a military man of splendid appearance is depicted firing a cannon, placed in such a position that it would certainly, were it to go off, blow away the head of an imposing serjeant of the same regiment, in the foreground. A notice below informed persons anxious to make one of such a brilliant group, that the serjeant (who certainly makes no disguise of his tippling propensities) was to be found, all day long, at a neighbouring tap. But near this was an announcement, more attractive to our hero, to the effect that H. M. S. Mammoth was in want of petty officers and seamen. So, revolving his prospects in his mind, he determined to proceed the next day to Plymouth, and ascertain whether the Temple of Fame could not be reached by water as well as by land. Having made up his

mind to this, and sauntered about for some time, meditating on the project, he returned to the inn to dinner; and counting over the golden drops, which his last operation of phlebotomy had drawn from the disconsolate relatives before alluded to, he sallied out to get a glimpse of the "pleasures" of London, before he started in the morning. The night was very fine, and innumerable stars twinkled about the heavens; but, somehow or other, we have observed that nobody ever looks at the stars in London—why, we don't know, but possibly, because they cost nothing, and we're not taxed for them.

He first went into a theatre, where he found



the audience enjoying a farce with a slang name. The chief actor in the piece was being kicked and cuffed every now and then by another of the *dramatis personæ*, a joke which gave rise to shouts of laughter, swelling into positive enthusiasm when he tumbled down with tremendous force on the stage.

The choicest humour, however, gets tiresome in time, so leaving the theatre, he turned into a house where "extraordinary attractions" were held out to the visitor, and where he found some scores of persons assembled in a large room, at one end of which a young man, in a white neck-cloth, was playing on a piano, and another gentleman accompanying him with a song. He sat down in a corner of the room to observe the company, as well as he could, through the grey vapour which was emitted from the cigar of a gentleman near him.

Almost opposite, was a group of young men in loose paletots; of whom, some wore coloured shirts, and large pins, and the majority cultivated "tufts," of just such a degree of size as would keep them from the censure of their attorney employers; for, we have heard with regret, that there are attorneys in this town, who assume to themselves the power that Peter the Great used to exercise towards his subjects,—of docking the beards of those under them. These youths were enthusiastic in their applause of each singer, as was evidenced by the "ain't he a stunner?" which they interchanged occasionally at the close of a song.



Between the songs, their talk was of the "Governor," whose acts they canvassed with great freedom. How they had come in late, and the "governor" had given a malignant glance at his watch; and why it was that the governor's wife hadn't had the influenza, as well as other respectable women, and so kept him at home—formed the staple subject of their discourse.

At another table there was a group of University men, who had come up after an examination, and were striving to banish with jollity all idea of the possibility of an impending failure when the lists appeared. Their conversation

was a curious mixture of erudition and slang—the Manichæan heresy and the Chester Cup—the early Fathers and the barmaids at the Lion—St. Paul and Mr. Buckstone. So he occasionally caught fragments of conversation to the following effect:—

“Yes, quite right, Charley. I know I’m safe about that passage in Thucydides. Charnell crammed me about it when I was down in Essex.—



Jolly spree that, at your rooms the other night. Capital claret.—What a regular brick St. Augus

tine was! I should like to have seen him on the loose at Carthage; and old Monica, his mother, dear old lady! I wonder whether she allowed him a latch-key?"

"Well, old Simpson, how do you stump Purgatory? Suppose you're asked to show that the



Pope's not infallible,—how do you put his pipe out?"

Which questions, of course, called forth discourses of great learning, and necessitated fresh spiritual "goes."

Besides this, there were other intellectual dialogues going on at a neighbouring table, among a party of youths who seemed to differ from their

neighbours chiefly in two points—that their language was more elegant, and that they drank more grog. These were juvenile *littérateurs* of various periodicals, who were in the habit of amusing themselves “on the loose” about the town; an employment which they occasionally varied by calling for the “indignation of an enlightened public at the proceedings of the most incompetent ministry that ever oppressed a free nation,” through the medium of some journal honoured by their valuable services. Indeed, it would have been exquisitely amusing, to any one who watched their proceedings, could he have known that, at the moment these young gentlemen were ordering their third tumbler, and talking in ridicule of every conceivable object, some industrious compositor was probably printing a production by one of them, in which the public were informed, that “the bigot or the oppressor might vainly hope to check the march of liberty, or retard the triumph of the human mind over the crumbling relics of antique and barbarous superstition!”

Not the least interesting portion of their conversation was that in which they discussed the principles of morals, and the necessity of prudence, and which generally wound up with a call for the waiter. “Let us go back to first principles,” said one—“and have some more whisky,” said another.

Speculating curiously on this scene, and quite oblivious of his “disconsolate relatives,” young H. S. remained till an early hour in the morning.



"Ah," he heard a young man say, with a long deep yawn, as he went out, "this sort of life requires the constitution of a horse!"

"And the intellect of another quadruped," thought he, as he paced back to the inn, in the fresh dewy morning, which Cockney revellers taint with their cigars. It was not till the coach, which bore him towards Plymouth, a few hours after, reached the pleasant country that he felt

his usual liveliness of health; and then he listened with some degree of interest to a fellow-traveller, an unfortunate provincial actor, who expatiated on the advantages of sea-port towns, backing up his observations by narrating, with great candour, how he had procured himself a meal at Portsmouth, on one occasion, by going into a provision store, and getting a handful of ship's biscuits "for trial," in the assumed character of the mate of a schooner—which he seemed to consider a triumphant gag of the histrionic art. Mr. Jeremy Tippler (such was his name) added some other little anecdotes, with the most graceful candour. When he got down, somewhere, for a glass of ale, which he was about to take "medicinally," as he said, a stern-looking gentleman, apparently about fifty, the only other occupant beside our hero, said to him—

"So, you admire that scamp, eh?"

"Sir!" said H. S., rather surprised.

"Yes," continued the stranger, "all young men admire scamps. You think it fine. I dare say you think me a weak-minded fool, because I wear a respectable coat and don't drink; and a very impudent one, no doubt, if I gave you some good advice!"

Our hero was excessively touchy. "Sir," he said, "if something like thirty years of mixing in society, has not taught you how to conduct yourself, I must assume the task (hopeless as it appears) to myself!"

The stern gentleman gave an iron smile. "Ha," said he, with a chuckle, "that's what

you youths call being a 'man of spirit'! Young gentleman, I visited one of the hospitals this morning before I left London. I went to see a death-bed there. Slow, no doubt, you think! The man died of dissipation—(what a fine, high-spirited fellow he was at twenty, a few years ago!) I went to give him my blessing. He was my son, and he had brought himself to this by running away from home!"

And having said this, the stranger sank into a corner, and began reading an odd volume of Swift, which he took out of his pocket. Mr. Jeremy Tippler jumped in at the moment, saying, "By my halidame! the ale is good in yonder hostelry. Ho, drawer!"

But, ere Mr. Tippler could replenish, which we take to have been the object of his last Shaksperian exclamation, the coach moved on.

And now, we glance at another scene in a distant part of the country. Mr. Abel Sidmouth is in his parlour, in his country-house, giving an audience to a male domestic.

"Well, Gibbs, you've been in that foolish boy's room?"

"Yes, sir."

"And burnt all those cursed nonsensical verses, and little stinking—scented notes, I mean—and locked up the place?"

"Yes, sir."

"Right. Let the rats have the room." con-

tinued Mr. Sidmouth, soliloquising. "They're just as useful as he was. No son of mine shall do except what I tell him. I worked for my fortune; let them do the same. You may go, Gibbs."

"I beg your pardon, sir," began Gibbs.

"Well, what?"

"I'm very sorry, sir—"

"Damme, sir," cried Mr. Sidmouth, "what have I to do with your sorrow, or any of your vulgar emotions?"

"Well, just as you like," said the man, in whose eye there gleamed something very unlike flunkeyism, for a moment. "Only, there's a diamond ring missing, since Mr. Harley left, as belongs to your brother, sir. That's all!"

Mr. Sidmouth paused; and at the moment a young man of eighteen entered the room. "I see what he has been telling you, father. How the discovery must wound your generous heart. Let me hope that my obedience may compensate for my brother's rebel nature—his dishonest acts."

"If he has been a thief, sir," cried the father, "the gallows shall have him, if he was my son twenty times!"

He left the room, banging the door.

"That's the game," said Gibbs, cautiously. "See how the poison works, sir, eh? Ah, Mr. Harley Sidmouth, junior," continued he, "you'll find your game soon up, with all your pride and your education."

"Well," said the young man, "but how to

manage it? I think he can't have left the country. He's a dreaming fellow. But I must get my father to stop that advertisement, which he'll do, after this, and to send you in chase, Gibbs; and then we can manage the affair in the right way, eh?"

"Yes, Mr. William;" said the man, "that ring's worth more now than what it 'ud fetch at a pawn-shop."

"Well, then, Gibbs, you can go, and I'll see you to-morrow."

The man retired.

"And now, Miss Helen," said the young man bitterly, "we will see if you will choose the felon, and reject the heir of these lands;" and he threw up the window, and looked over a rich, lovely landscape. "But I must go to my dear father," continued the youth, with a sneer.

CHAPTER II.



OME few days after that on which the last conversation we recorded took place, a group of young men were assembled in the coffee-room of a Plymouth hotel, waiting till

dinner was ready. Though all dressed in plain clothes, the majority of them belonged to the Navy; the others were of that class who frequent much the taverns, pastry-cooks', and shooting galleries of sea-port towns—that is to say, young gentlemen doomed to civil pursuits much against their will, and who take every opportunity of mixing with naval men, little to the improve-

ment of their morals, and much to the annoyance of their parents. The conversation was decidedly lively, with a considerable dash of that playful and refined *badinage* which forms such an important ingredient in the talk of the youth of this day.

"Ha, Sidney," said one of them, "what a spiky waistcoat! Got that on the 'never'?"

This last expression is one of recent introduction, and is intended to refer to the tailor's chance of getting his money.

"Oh," said Sidney, who was a midshipman of the *Mammoth*, "I leave these considerations to the governor. He is a man of business habits, and his 'regularity cannot be too highly commended.'"

The first speaker shook his head with an affected air of melancholy, and looking round to the others, said, "Ah, I never see that youth in a new rig, without being irresistibly reminded of the sighs of the widow, and the tears of the orphan."

"For my part," observed a third, "I can't think how your governor stands such long bills. Mine won't. He wrote to me the other day, to say that after my last transaction with my tailor, he believed me capable of anything; and ended with an exclamation of '£90 2s. 6½*d.* for dressing you out like a fool!'"

"What was the last transaction?" inquired another.

"Oh, a mere trifle; and all the fault of old Plover, who commands our ship. Plover has

charge of the money of us youngsters, and as he is deuced close about allowing pocket-money, I was obliged to go to the tailor and get the ready, by making him stump up, and put it down to clothes, with a small allowance for himself, for the job."

"Not at all a bad dodge," said Sidney. "Do you know how I managed to prolong my tick with old Curmudgeon, the other day?"

"Let us have it, by all means," cried a youth who spent one half his time in contracting new debts, and the other half in avoiding old duns.

"Why, he was getting rusty, and beginning to say that his stock was running low, and so forth, so I resolved on a desperate step, and—asked him to dinner!"

"Good Gad! You don't say so?"

"Only too true," continued Sidney. "Of course, I dare not take him to the mess, where there was a certainty of the fellows recognising him, so I took him to my aunt's—having told her beforehand that he was a missionary, about to sail on the mission for converting the Wango Fum islanders."

"Well, and how did the fellow behave himself?"

"Oh, he wore a white choker; and as he is a singularly stupid man, he filled the character to admiration. Whenever he opened his mouth, I helped him to a potato; and young Blanchard, of the Skylark, diverted my aunt's attention, by asking her some questions about Hugh M'Neile—

she's great about the saints, you know. So we got him away all safe; the old lady tipped soon after, thinking there was a change for the better in my morals. Old Curmudgeon opened a fresh account with me; and now talks about Lady Sid-



ney to his wife and daughter, with all imaginable importance."

"You might see worse missionaries, however, than Curmudgeon would make," said one of the party. "From all I can learn about the tribe in barbarous countries, they seem to do nothing but distribute bibles, which the natives can't read, and

make themselves comfortable. Certain it is, that there s no place like their houses to go to, if you want a good dinner—the whitest, best-boiled rice, and the tenderest fowls—with the ripest melons, and the mellowest rum.”

“ And some malignant people whisper something about an increase in the native population returns where they settle,” added another.

“ And the natives use their tracts to wrap up sweetmeats—*ad convolenda dulciaria*, as their rivals of the Catholic missions tell us—and tobacco,” said Sidney.

“ By-the-bye, *apropos* of missionaries, Smithers, of the Bluebell, married the daughter of one the other day,” remarked one.

“ And spent the honey-moon in the cable-tier, didn ’t he?”

“ Poor devil !” said a boy of eighteen, with a contemptuous air of pity.

“ And, *apropos* of missionaries,” cried Sidney, “ here’s dinner.”

“ Hang it, what’s become of the civilian we asked last night, and”—

Before he finished the sentence the coffee-room door flew open, and in came Harley Sidmouth, the H. S. of our story. He was dressed plainly, but elegantly; and a tinge, darker than that naturally thrown by the shadow of his eyelashes, under his blue eyes, showed that he was sliding gradually into the habits of the set into which he had fallen. He had made their acquaintance by going into the ships of the theatre, by the

advice of Mr. Jeremy Tippler, who had parted with him, informing him that they would meet again "at Philippi," though what they were to be doing at that town did not appear.

"Come and sit next me," cried Sidney. "You know Sutherland? Mr. Vernon, of the Castigator (a very promising young officer!), Mr. Sidmouth; Mr. Tyler, of the Blunderbuss, Mr. Sidmouth"—and he went on introducing him to them all—a ceremony not very formal, and, indeed, hardly necessary; and in another minute they were all seated, and rattling into soup and sherry, in a manner thoroughly professional.

"Postquam exempta fames,"

as old Virgil says—the talk for some time was entirely about the service; and then Sidney, who had got very intimate with Harley (who had confided his story to him), began to confer on his prospects.

"I tell you what," suggested Mr. Sutherland, "I saw an advertisement the other day in the papers, 'for a companion wanted by a lady.' There's a capital chance for an intelligent youth!"

"Or why don't you enter the service as a master's assistant? Get somebody to apply for you; cut your brother 'bungs,' and if anybody calls you bung,—thrash him," said Sidney.

"Hang the service and bring the dessert," said the youth of eighteen before alluded to, drinking a glass of claret, with the air of an individual who had been worked to death. "You

sacrifice your night's rest and your cream at breakfast. You miss what old Johnson calls the 'endearing elegance of female friendship.' The first and best half of your life, you are bullied by snobs of the old school; the last half, you are treated with a disingenuous servility, which makes you turn tyrant in self-defence. Your younger brother supplants you in the paternal affections, and secures the old boy's tin while you are abroad. You write to him for a £50 note, and he writes back to say that his 'establishment' is deuced expensive, and that he is very short himself; adding a hope that it is not your dissipated habits which make this application necessary, and recommending you to pursue steadily your 'honourable profession.' Your mother don't recognise your face after five years of the 'coast;' and when you go home your sister expects to see you smashing the tea-cups from nautical roughness, and watches to see if you chew tobacco on the sly. Every element under heaven has a fling at you. The wind blows you about creation like a balloon. The clouds have you all to themselves out at sea. The sun scorches you in the tropics. The shark watches to have his share of you when you bathe. In fact"—

Just as the youth had proceeded so far in his philippic (and it is astonishing how eloquent naval men get, in abuse of the service), the door opened—he stopped short, as a man about fifty entered. He had features that looked as if they had been sculptured out of granite, and the lines on them

were as distinct as those which men chisel on stone. Grey hairs mingled with the dark mass on his head, in streaks like silver wires. Beneath his thick, thatched, half-hoary eye-brows, gleamed two eyes of fire and clearness. His figure was strong and stout, but not ungraceful, though he walked as if he scorned to be winning in his manner.

It was quite clear that he was somebody among the midshipmen, for the dialogue stopped, and they looked awkwardly about. One or two pushed away their wine-glasses, as if trying to repudiate the use of them. The stranger paused an instant before the fire. His eyes met Harley's, which fell instantly, and giving a curious glance of sardonic contempt—just as men do at a dancing-dog or an ape—at the luxurious table,—he strode out.

The youth whom he had interrupted poured out a full glass of claret, and drank it deliberately off. "By Jove," he said, drawing a long breath, "seeing that man always gives me the sensation I used to have at school, after plunging into a hole in the ice, which we used to break, to bathe in in winter!"

"Who, and what is he?" asked Harley eagerly, for he had recognised his fellow-traveller at once.

"You'll know very soon if you join the service," said Sutherland with a laugh. "If you were made of iron, and belonged to that man's ship, he would work you till you dropped; if you were as cunning as Mephistopheles, he would outwit you."

"Whew!" cried Sidmouth, "he is in the navy then! What ship?"

"Why, no ship at present exactly; but it's expected that he'll have our ship, the Mammoth," said Sidney, "and that the present man will commission a brig; and it won't be my fault if the same gazette that announces Philip Fairfax, C. B., to the Mammoth, does not announce William Sidney, Esq., midshipman, to something else."

"I'm half afraid to mention his name," said Monmouth (the youth who had delivered the philippic). "I always feel as if he would jump up, out of some hole in the floor, amidst a blaze of blue lights. But I will say, that one smile from his daughter is worth all his talents—for nobody denies his talents, though men speak of them as they do of the fangs of the snake. So here," said Monmouth, "I give you Mary Fairfax.—Sidmouth, fill your glass."

Harley did so mechanically. He had been thinking of somebody else, and from the air of devotion with which he drank the toast, we are inclined to think that it was to her that he drank it, too, in reality.

"Well," cried Vernon, pulling out a pretty little gold watch, "it's time to be going. What say you to dropping in at the theatre, glancing afterwards at 'the London,' and winding up at my rooms—I've taken a set on shore for these occasions? Besides, there's the picnic that's coming off to-morrow. Soda-water and brandy at noon will just wind us up for it; and Harley will go with us. What say you?"

"Anything you like," said the party. "The bill, waiter!"

It was brought, and there was a general mustering of gold.

"Stop!" cried Monmouth; "nobody pays where I've an account. Mr. Monmouth, of the Blunderbuss, waiter."

"All right, sir," said the functionary with a bow, and a twirl of his napkin.

"And put yourself down for a crown—and remember me to your wife and daughters.—Come along, boys!"

And the youths sallied forth for the revels of the night;—while the stars shone from the clear heaven upon them, as they shone of old on the rich banquets of the Egyptian and the brilliant orgies of the Greek, and as they now shine—upon their graves!



CHAPTER III.



THE hereditary seat of the Sidmouth family was called the Plantation. Its original name was Castle Cormorant ; but when Mr. Abel Sidmouth came into possession of it, which he

did by buying it back from a man who had secured it through the extravagance of the last Sidmouth, he changed the appellation, to give it a more commercial sound, and remind everybody that *he* had gained it by his industry, and not through his ancestors, whom he looked on as barbarians. He was one of that new school of philosophers who believe in the total superiority of the present to all bygone times, and look with contempt on the "darkness" of the ages which founded Oxford and built Westminster Abbey. So, when he re-

gained the family mansion, he had the carved escutcheon pulled down from the front of the house, and the whole building painted white; he rooted out from the grounds a tree connected with the historical associations of two centuries back, and stuck a poplar in its place; he gave the family living to a latitudinarian parson; and he would not bestow a shilling's worth of assistance on any rising branch of the race who was not bent on commercial pursuits. With means that would have secured any degree of education, and opened any prospects, for his two sons, he had determined to make them both commercial travellers; so the result was that the elder turned a rebel, and the younger a hypocrite.

"William," said Mr. Abel Sidmouth to his younger son, after breakfast one morning, "I wonder what that rascally brother of yours is about just now?"

"Writing sonnets in a public-house, I've no doubt," said the youth. "Gibbs and I found a whole bundle of such trash in his room. Half of them were addressed to Helen, too."

"If I thought she cared a farthing about him," said the father, "I'd make her father send her out of the country. I know a most respectable firm in Calcutta, to whom she might be consigned with great safety."

"Why, I don't suppose she does care for him. To be sure, she's a fool," said William, who was particularly anxious to appear to care nothing about her, "but not quite fool enough to care for a

runaway, and"—(he added distinctly after a pause) "a thief."

"I was talking," said his father, "to Charnell this morning about the steps that ought to be taken about that matter. He talks of hushing it up for the honour of the family; but I told him that people did not think as formerly on these subjects, and quoted, 'No man now thinks the worse of another, because his brother has been transported!'"

And so saying, with great coolness, Mr. Sidmouth seized a bundle of papers, and rose to leave the room.

"Look here, father," said William, "I think the best way is to proceed first by private inquiry. I propose to send Gibbs to one of the sea-ports, to see if he can get any trace of him there; and then we can proceed, according to what he learns about it."

"Very well," said the modern philosopher; "I leave that to you. I'm exceedingly busy just now, and I wish you good morning." And so he strode off.

"If commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain," muttered the son, as his father's step was heard retreating in the passage. "He leaves it in my hands. Well, he couldn't leave it in better; and if I was the victim instead of the schemer in this plot, he would leave it in Harley's. If that fellow had known his game, he would have managed differently—and yet he is unquestionably clever." And he rose and rang the bell.

"Send Gibbs to me, and bring some sherry—

the bane and the antidote!" said William, muttering the last half of the sentence to himself.

The servant brought the wine, announcing that "Gibbs would be up presently."

"Presently!" said the youth to himself, when the servant had left. "If I thought that the knave presumed on the strength of my employing him, I would see whether he could not be thrown over. When the giant and the dwarf went to fight, the dwarf got the blows and the giant the credit of the victory. The dwarf must not presume in such wars!"

Here Gibbs entered and shuffled up to the table, with a kind of impudent vulgarity on his countenance—a presuming familiarity—and was about to seat himself on one of the luxurious chairs in the apartment.

"Not there," cried William; "I have provided *that* seat for your special accommodation." And here he pointed to a kitchen chair which he had had brought up to the room, on some pretence or other, the night before. It was his object to keep the man he was employing under subjection as much as possible.

Gibbs sat down with a downcast look, shaded by a little malignity.

"Well, Gibbs, and you watched Miss Helen yesterday. Proceed with your report, Gibbs; but don't be verbose!"

"She went to her mother's, sir, after she left here; her father ain't come back. She didn't go out any more; but I catches the maid as she was

coming out of the door after Miss went in. A pretty chit, and likes me, Mr. William! It's astonishing what an impression you can make on them gals, if you say they're pretty, and talk about getting married. Giving them ribbons is nothing to it, sir! Well, I gets her into conversation, and finds that Miss Helen has had a letter



that morning. Post-mark begins with a P—but the bell rang afore the gal had time to read it. So I talks to Mary (that's her name) on the diplomatic dodge, and arter a little while I kisses her—

and we're all hooman, sir!" continued Mr. Gibbs, with the air of a saint who had just been tempted in his cell: "so I catches her round the waist, and pressing her agin me, I feels something sharp touch my breast: it worn't a pin, sir, I knew that at once—but it was the corner of a letter,—and to cut it short, sir, here it is!"

And conscious pride gleamed in Gibbs' eyes as he pulled out a note; and after pressing his misshapen snout against it he exclaimed, "Lord, how nice it smells!" and handed it to William, who read at once the following superscription, in a pretty little delicate hand:—

Harley Sidmouth, Esq.,

The London Inn,

Plymouth.

"That will do, Gibbs," he exclaimed. "You have done your work like a trump. Here's a sovereign for you, and come to me in my room this evening."

So William was left alone with the note. He paused before he opened it—not that he felt the slightest compunction about the act—but because he knew that he would have to bear the pain of reading words of love and tenderness addressed to another; and he was very selfish—so selfish, that if

he had been left alone in the world, with the entire planet to himself, he would rather have enjoyed its good things than otherwise. "Well," he thought, "if I *do* like the girl, it's no reason that I should be a spooney fool;" so he broke open the seal and read on.

* * * * The letter was one of those that women actually write in private life, and was therefore as different as possible from the usual female letters of the common English novel, which would induce one to believe that our young countrywomen were all poets, or writers for the magazines. Helen did not tell Harley—like the heroines of two very celebrated novels by a great writer of our day—that she only sat down to write to him "at midnight," inasmuch as at midnight she was, like a plain respectable female, sound asleep in bed, with her hair in curl papers. Neither did she use classical illustrations, for she was not a student of Lempriere; nor did she adopt the other alternative of a novel heroine, and write smart, piquant sarcasm about her mamma or the neighbours. But her note bubbled on like a clear little brook, with a flower on the surface here, and there. Truth compels us to add that there had obviously been several erasures, and that, on the whole, there were some deficiencies in punctuation, and running of sentences into each other, as in young ladies' letters there occasionally will be, owing to the natural volubility of the sex.

William read on with his usual quiet sncer, and at the end of the note came on this passage:—

“ I have been to your father’s oocasionally as usual, but I ’m afraid that I did not look as happy as I ought when I am with your relatives ; for you know, Harley, they are your relatives still, whether they behave well or ill, and indeed I ’m half afraid you did wrong to go away. *Not because you left me by it ;* I ’m not so selfish as that, but perhaps your papa was in the right. Mr. Charnell, the clergyman, says he ’s a most sensible man ; and indeed, Harley, there was something in his sermon last Sunday about filial affection which



seemed to apply to you, and little Agnes Hopkins

(you remember Agnes?) looked over at our pew, with the wickedest little look in her eyes, at me, you can fancy. Your brother William,"—here the youth felt himself turning very red,—“is as mysterious as ever. He frightens me, and never so much as when he grows affectionate. I am sure he is no friend of yours, and I hope that he forms no dreadful plans, but I can't help being suspicious, though it's not proper, I know.”

When he had finished reading the note, he destroyed it carefully, making a minute of the address in cipher in a pocket-book. He then went out, leaving word that he had gone to his aunt Sidmouth's, and in a short time was seated there at dinner, opposite the bright eyes of the open-hearted girl whose letter he had just read and destroyed.

When William liked he could assume a great gravity of demeanour, and do the middle-aged man very well—to which faculty, indeed, may be attributed his success with his father, and the respect his aunt had for him. It is astonishing how this gag still goes down. A youth who walks into respectable circles with long hair, and has a loud ringing laugh, and says what comes uppermost, and differs from old gentlemen about the corn-laws, and sets them right in their quotations, is pretty sure of making a tolerable quantity of enemies. Not so the quiet young man with white choker, spectacles, and a slight attachment to snuff.



Mrs. Sidmouth, the aunt, was a pious old lady, and the parlour in which they dined was ornamented by "a landscape with Abraham and Isaac," &c., &c.

This day William was unusually grave, which, as intended, had the effect of making his aunt inquire into the reasons of it, when he shook his head, and talked about his misguided brother and his prospects, in a manner which terrified poor Helen, who fancied that William had had private intelligence about him, and yet dared not inquire whether he had or not.

After the old lady had gone up stairs, which she did soon after dinner, William persuaded his cousin to take a walk in the grounds of the Plantation, which she did in the hopes of hearing something about his brother from him. And many little manœuvres she tried ; but how could the sim-

ple little girl fence with this cunning youth, whose intellect, naturally a scheming one, had been sharpened by a perpetual exercise, prompted by a grasping desire for money, and for the means of the gratification of an active and passionate nature?

The grounds in which they walked were naturally beautiful, and the autumn had just advanced to that period of its career which precedes the desolation of the close of the year. There was a lake studded with little islands in front of the house, and through the tall dark trees on its edges gleamed the silver light of the moon. The contrast between the impression of the situation, and that of the cold plotting which made the habitual employment of his day-dreams, made William feel more moved than an ordinary person would have been. He gently disengaged his arm from the gentle one that clasped it, and his eyes sparkled with light—and a light that was not holy. The girl shrunk a little as she met his gaze.

“Ah, cousin,” said the young man, “I know that you distrust, and that, perhaps, you hate me. I have not the gifts of imagination that can exalt even beauty, and throw a lustre upon vice. I cannot paint the lily. I have not the winning tongue that moves the gentle heart. And because I can only love and hope—and because I am calm and peaceful, and perform with regularity the uuromantic occupations of life—I know that brilliancy, even if associated with vice, can out-shine me; that you think me heartless and cold;

and that an ounce of witty worthlessness has more sympathy from your heart!"

The girl was somewhat affected by his speech, for there was some truth in the tenor of it, of which he made the most. It was another instance of his hypocrisy, but better acted than usual, and the scene was favourable to the illusion. The hints in it touching Harley were not lost upon her, and thinking William more moved than usual, she turned round and boldly said, "Cousin, I want to know the meaning of your frequent allusions to your brother. You must know how attached we were!"

"Let me escort you home," said William.

He did so. And as they were going—with all the plausibility he could command, with affected regret, and imperfect innuendoes—he communicated to her that Harley had committed an offence which had placed an eternal barrier between him and his family. He left her with a look of devout and sorrowful love, to a tearful and sleepless night, and returned home more elated than usual.

"Gibbs," he said, on entering his room, "you will start to Plymouth to-morrow morning. Here are your instructions and means."

And so saying, he placed in his hands the diamond ring of which mention has before been made. The instructions were, that Gibbs was to ascertain Harley's proceedings, and convey the ring into his possession in a manner which would subsequently admit of its being found there; thus confirming the suspicions of Mr. Sidmouth, senior, and effec-

tually barring Mr. Harley's chance to the estates and the maiden, which Mr. William Sidmouth was so anxious to secure for himself.

The ingenious reader perceives that this was but a stupid contrivance of iniquity after all. But the present is not an age of Borgias in guilt, any more than of Shaksperes in poetry, or Bacons in philosophy, and the Nineteenth Century is clumsy even in its crimes!

CHAPTER IV



THE party whom we left at the conclusion of our second chapter, on the eve of abandoning themselves to dissipation for the night, awoke next morning in various degrees of seediness, thirst, and headache, at the rooms of the convivial Mr. Ver-

non, of the Castigator. The ships to which they severally belonged being only in a fitting-out state, and not far advanced, the crews were hulked in divers old vessels that had taken a part in the late war. Several of the officers had not joined,

and discipline was not so strict. Indeed, work is carried on in a much more lenient manner while men-of-war are in such state of preparation, for this reason, that the officers have every opportunity of getting into other ships should they feel themselves uncomfortable, and the men every opportunity of running away if they like. Thus it is the interest of all parties to keep affairs comfortable.

All the landsmen of the party, except Harley, had left the set in the course of the evening, in order to be present at the paternal breakfast-tables in due time. How these young gentlemen regretted that they had not the same opportunities of damaging their healths and getting into debt, as their more fortunate companions of the service!

Mr. Monmouth was the first of the party who showed any symptoms of returning consciousness. "Well, boys," he yawned, "rouse out. This is a pretty state of things, is n't it?"

Monmouth was in the habit of being attacked by fits of remorse after such bouts. He was considered a very promising officer, and was one of those youths of whom it is generally said—"That fellow will turn out an ornament to the profession." But, somehow or other—at least as far as our opportunities of judging, go—these youths who are to become the "ornaments," seldom are of much use to the service; just as among the seamen, the minor-theatre-looking men, who wear wide trowsers, and appear to ignorant eyes perfect models of the "British tar," are worthless humbugs, while the work is done by short, little, bandy-legged

fellows of most unromantic appearance. The advantages derived by Mr. Monmouth from his reputation for ability were these—that he was blamed for everything he did, on the ground that he set a bad example, and that he “led away the other fellows in the mess;” whereas the dissipation of the “other fellows” had nothing to do with his example at all, and, on the whole, was rather refined and subdued by it than otherwise, whenever he joined in it.

“What time is it?” said Sutherland drowsily.

This question was not very easily answered, as the only gentleman in possession of a watch had lain down on it when he went to sleep, crushing the glass, and throwing the machinery out of gear. It was agreed, however, that it was high time to get up, and accordingly they all did so, and having performed such ablutions as they required, went off to the Bluebeard hulk (where the Castigators were stowed) to breakfast. Nothing was to be apprehended from the presence of superior officers, as a select and amiable party from several ships had started that morning to London, to black-ball a disagreeable officer at a naval club.

When they reached the hulk, they found Tompion the gunner in command, the master being confined to his cabin with the gout.

“Good morning, Mr. Tompion,” said Vernon, with great politeness. Vernon had his eye on Tompion, as he wanted to go on shore again immediately. Monmouth saw how affairs stood.

"Ah," said he, "Tompion, late of the Excellent, I believe?"

"The same, sir," said the gunner.

"Just so," said Monmouth; "I thought I had heard the name. Yes, I remember; I was dining with the Port Admiral the other day, when your shell practice was alluded to."

The party descended the hatchway, leaving the gunner highly flattered. When they reached the berth, a course of terrific threats induced a dirty and melancholy-looking boy to make the breakfast preparations.

"That fellow is an awful Yahoo," said Vernon, as the unfortunate youth went forward to the galley. (The use of the term Yahoo, as applied to the men, was one of the earliest results of the diffusion of literature in the service.)

The effect of the labours of the unhappy boy was a kind of roughly luxurious repast. The cloth was of a crumpled appearance, and here and there stained with mustard; the knives and forks were of primitive description. But the cutlets were hot, and the anchovy paste piquant, and the marmalade unquestionable, and Edinburgh ale crowned the repast. Vernon sent a bottle of sherry, with his compliments, into the gunner's cabin, for, as he remarked, "one must make concessions to popular clamour;" and the party prepared to go out to join the picnic, which they calculated must by that time have commenced.

Vernon further got into the good graces of the scientific Tompion by putting his head inside his

cabin door, where Mrs. Tompion (the *hen* Tompion, as Monmouth called her, not condescending, as he said, to distinguish the *plebs* into male and female!) presided over the breakfast-table. The cabin had small prints hung round it of men-of-war, and the table was decorated with gaudy yellow teacups and a black teapot.

All these civilities had their due effect, and Mr. Vernon and his party got a boat from the hulk to land them at the dockyard, where they passed by the sentry, and the huge blocks of timber, and mighty anchors, lying about; and saw the unfortunate convicts labouring away, and the boatswain of the yard calling out, "Come along, thieves," in which class of criminals that functionary included the whole of them.

The first person whom they called on had, as they found, gone out with the picnic party; so our friends proceeded in the direction, and passed by the Mount-Edgecumbe estate, not neglecting to admire the painted ruins on that romantic property, which resemble those in the Colosseum at Regent's Park, except in the classicality. Our readers are aware that at that establishment,

"There is a temple in ruins stands,
Fashioned by Smithers, and two or three hands,"

as Byron says in the *Siege of Corinth*; and on the whole we prefer it to the ruins we have mentioned.

The picnic to which these youths were bound, comprised the "rank, beauty, and fashion,"

which, somehow or other, is to be found in every English town, if we may believe the local paper. There were plenty of military men of course, from the dignified elderly field officer, who looked with benignant condescension on the affair, to the slim and stiff ensigns, choice specimens of whom may be seen in the evening in seaport towns, at certain dancing parties called "hops," which combine the manners of the Casino with the morals of—no matter where. And then, there was the purple-faced, blue-veined captain of marines, with tight stock, who cursed the scenery and drank the champagne; and half-pay captains in the navy, of the old school, looking like farmers.

Nor were there wanting brilliant specimens of the fairer sex. There was the portly naval captain's wife, who took care to keep the "youngsters" of her husband's ship in her party, in order that they might attend on such of her little girls as were not old enough to be attractive to people who had arrived at years of discretion. And, oh, how the "youngsters" who filled these agreeable situations liked the task!—and with what delicacy they discussed it when they returned on board!

Harley, Monmouth, Sidney, and the rest of them, invaded the camp, where the party were assembled, with much daring. Monmouth knew everybody, and went about from group to group, taking a glass of sherry with one, a glass of champagne with another, and so on.

"Come with me, Harley," he said. "You fellows can manage, for you know plenty of

people; and we must n't be all seen together, or people will think there 's some mischief brewing."

"Here s Mr. Monmouth coming, mamma,"



said a lively girl, as the youths approached. "What a handsome boy it is!" she added, for she was a young lady of a frank disposition.

"Hush, my dear, don't be indelicate!" answered mamma, who was of a serious turn.

"Ah, Lucy," said Monmouth, "I thought the

party could not be complete unless you were here! My friend, Mr. Sidmouth." And he introduced Harley in due form.

"Is your friend in the navy?" said mamma.

"Not at present. He's a T. G. Travelling gentleman, as we say."

"Say something to mamma," whispered Monmouth. So Harley summoned up all his faculties, and made one of those profound observations which so abound in English conversation. We rather think it was something about the weather.

Meanwhile, Monmouth went on talking to the girl.

"You have not seen old—let me see—Captain Fairfax, have you?"

"Mary Fairfax, you mean!" said Lucy, with the slightest dash of malignity.

"Well, Mary Fairfax, if you like," said Monmouth, a little piqued.

"I don't know where the father is—thank the stars, he is not here!—but there's Mary;" and she pointed to a beautiful girl, with a face over whose loveliness flushed health and joy, who was seated beneath a shady tree not far off.

"Excuse me, Lucy," said Monmouth, and in another minute the colour on the lovely cheek was deeper, as he stood under the murmuring leaves.

So Harley was left to amuse himself alone, amidst the lively and happy groups. Who is there that has ever had to struggle in the bear's embrace of the world, who has not found the melancholy of such a mingling with the thought-



less and the gay! How thought spoils pleasure—at least such pleasures as these! And how miserable it is to reflect, that of those you see laughing about you, a half have some domestic misery to struggle with:—to think how many are hypocrites; how many fools; how many servile to the great, and haughty to the poor: and (saddest thought of all!) that one day the reeking

earth will gape for all this folly, and misery, and beauty—and the Comedy of Life be performed by new actors, over the graves of the generation.

While he was wandering about, he made up his mind to steal away quietly, and proceeded to the town, in the hope that a letter from Helen might have reached the address which he had given her.

Feeling that kind of sickly hesitation about the heart, which is induced by the fear of disappointment, he sauntered down to the water's edge, to catch the sea-breeze from the Sound; and while there, a man-of-war's boat came rowing swiftly in to the landing-place. "In bow! rowed of all!" cried the coxswain, and a young man jumped on shore from the stern-sheets, in the uniform of a midshipman. From the bronzed complexion of the men, it was clear that they belonged to some ship that had just returned from a foreign station.

Harley was struck with the air of a young seaman among the boat's crew, who came out of the boat, and asked leave to absent himself for a few minutes.

"No, no, Jones, it's impossible," said the midshipman.

"It's only to see my mother, sir; I hav'n't seen her for five years," pleaded the youth, and something in his look pleaded for him too.

"Go, then," said the officer, turning away his head, "I trust to you to return."

As the young man hurried off, Harley went after him, with a feeling of curiosity and interest—for there is a kind of “animal magnetism,” after all, that draws human beings together. The sailor proceeded quickly, and reached a small row of cottages. He paused at the corner. It was easy to guess the doubt that made his heart beat. Had he returned to a mother,—or a grave? He rushed on—he opened the door—Harley heard the joyous cry of recognition. And then (he could not help hovering near) he heard the hurried questions of hope, the eager responses of affection. But, ere long, the son’s voice changed. “Mother,” he said, “and what of that man” (here the voice sunk lower)—“he whom you call my father?”

“Oh, nothing, nothing—but dishonour;” and a shriek told that nature had yielded, and the mother fainted away.

Unused to such scenes, the sailor rushed to the door of the cottage and looked wildly out.

“Come here, sir, for God’s sake, if you please,” he cried to Harley.

Our hero instantly entered the house.

CHAPTER V



It was a woman who had once evidently been beautiful, and whose face had still the pale prettiness of a statue, that Harley saw when he entered. He sprinkled her worn features with cold water from a tum-

bler, in which she had put some faded flowers, drooping like herself, and she woke to consciousness with a sigh.

"Mother," said the son, "I dare not stay. I will see you again, when I can get leave to come

on shore. This gentleman will wait with you a few minutes. Won't you, sir?"

"Most certainly," answered Sidmouth; and the sailor flew off to regain his boat.

The adventure had affected Harley, so he was anxious to learn something more about the woman. He guessed from her look something of her story; that she had been poor, and that fate had doubled that curse by making her beautiful.

"Pray, madam," he said, "is there anything I can do for you?"

"Do for me?" said the woman. "No one can do anything for me, now, but God! I had brothers once, young and handsome, like yourself. You blush,—eh? Ah!" she continued, "I used to blush once; and he said, it used to make me look prettier." (Here she muttered inaudibly.) "Yet something might be done, even now, by a strong arm."

As she concluded her wandering sentences, there was a step in the street, followed by a knock at the door.

"For God's sake," said the woman, "fly, young gentleman."

Before he could decide what to do, she threw open the door of a little room and told him to go in there, which he did. In another minute the heavy step of a stranger was heard upon the stairs, and a gruff voice began speaking in the room.

"Well, madam', it began, with a bitter irony of tone, "you have been growing remorseful

again? You have begun blabbing about. I scarcely thought you were such a fool. Why, do you suppose anybody will believe you? I should have imagined that I had told you the world only believes the strong, often enough. Now, no nonsense," continued he, as the woman began to sob. "I did not come here for that. I came here to warn you to hold your tongue. You have been going about this town, I know, and speaking to a set of canting, whining blockheads, as if it wasn't an every-day affair, and your own fault into the bargain!"

"But your son—*our* son," said the poor wretch.

"I tell you, there 's no son; and if there is, it 's not mine!" said the stranger, brutally.

The only reply was a bitter fit of weeping.

"But, if there is, remember, only put him in my way, and you 'll soon see the consequences! Now, remember what I have said; and here," throwing down some money, "this cures most griefs!" and having said this, the stranger left the house.

Harley came out of the room. "Leave me, leave me," said the woman.

He saw no way in which he could attempt to alleviate such sorrow, so he went down into the street. The stranger had reached the corner; he turned to look round; he saw the youth come out of the house; he advanced towards him; and Harley, for the third time, met Philip Fairfax.

In the meantime, the picnic party had been going on very merrily. The captain of marines, before alluded to, had grown more purple-faced than ever, and had turned to a brother officer near him two or three times with a "Fine gal, sir, fine gal, by gad;" and the lieutenants of his *corps* were watching and laughing at him from a little distance. A snug party had established some quiet *carté* on the grass; and Sidney and Sutherland had been guilty of the indescribable plebeianism of leap-frog in a neighbouring field.

With regard to the Lucy of whom our readers had a glimpse a little while ago, she passed all bounds, and excited her mammas most serious indignation. She actually convened a small public meeting of young ladies, whose mammas belong to the school which permits no dancing with midshipmen, and exposed the fallacy of that regulation in a speech of great power and beauty.

Half-pay captains, of the "old school," were seen speaking to volunteers* of the first class, and warning them against the fatal consequences of smoking cigars. Tyler, of the Blunderbuss, before-mentioned, at the close of one of those pieces of advice, asseverated that he never did smoke, with such a violent gesticulation, that his cigar-case tumbled out of his pocket.

Everybody seemed very happy and comfortable, and got actually familiar in spite of difference of rank—to such an extent, that Lord John Somebody, of the Something family, the stupidest and

* Now called "naval cadets."



ugliest officer present, met with no more consideration, after a time, than anybody else !

There were some revellers present who really do merit particular notice—so anomalous was their position. We mean those couples, to be seen in every seaport town, who are engaged to be married, when the gentleman reaches a certain step of promotion in his profession. Fancy reader, waiting

from year to year, sailing over all sorts of seas, with two bright eyes as your stars—your happiness for life being contingent on the caprice of the Admiralty ;—the shadow of a fat First Lord crossing the path that leads to bliss !

When the party returned—in a manner that would remind one of the retreat of the Ten Thousand—to the town, Monmouth and Mary Fairfax went part of the way, down the river, per boat. In the voyage, it was their lot to have a very singular companion, neither more nor less than a nautical lady—we don't mean a mermaid, but the wife of a naval officer with a turn for professional pursuits. This worthy female discussed the new fid for the top-mast, and all the inventions of the day. She cried “starboard” and “port” to Monmouth, who was steering the boat, and “luff,” “haul aft the main sheet,” and so on ; and gave him many useful hints touching his future conduct in the profession.

“I will escort you home,” said Monmouth to Mary, when they landed.

When they reached the house there was a very brilliant light from the windows, which showed that Captain Fairfax was within, and when they went up stairs, they found Lieutenant Frederick Loobee, R.N., with him.

Old Fairfax seemed by no means very much gratified at the apparition of Monmouth, and although that youth made several very ingenious observations on nautical subjects, the captain sent him with a note to some other captain in port,

which he could not decline taking ; and when he had gone introduced Loobee to his daughter, with a degree of *empressement* that showed very clearly how he wished her to regard him.

Loobee, however, was not brilliant, and Mary prevented him from acquiring any degree of intimacy ; so he left early, and went and spent the evening in smoking on the main-deck of the ship to which he belonged.

Shortly afterwards a young gentleman arrived who talked to her a great deal about Monmouth, when opportunity offered, which was very welcome indeed ; and she wondered how he managed to become a guest so well received by her father as he was.

That same evening our friends, Sidney, Vernon, Monmouth, &c., were assembled as usual in the London, at a late hour.

“ What became of Sidmouth ? ” asked one.

“ Oh, Sidmouth,” said another, who did not belong to the set. “ Why, I heard this afternoon, that Fairfax has taken him by the hand.” He’s going to get him an appointment, and he was seen there in great feather this evening.”

“ Why, how the deuce did he come to get so friendly with Fairfax ? ” asked everybody.

But how it had come about, nobody could guess !

CHAPTER VI.



THE character of the Captain Fairfax whom we have introduced to our readers, may be briefly described and defined. He was the best officer, and the greatest scoundrel in the profession. There is no nautical operation, from leading a fleet into action to splitting a rope or

making a running bow-line knot, which he could not perform. He had a frame of iron which no labour could tire ; the most determined courage ; and an intellect, far-sighted in theory, and most active in practice. Officers were afraid to sail with him ; his brother captains fought shy of his company ; respectable people on shore grew uneasy at the mention of his name ; and the Admiralty, when they wanted his services, summoned and commanded him with the same caution that the necromancers used when they evoked the Devil.

Such was the worthy officer who, as we hinted in our last chapter, was the first to take our hero by the hand. He did not wish that there should be any one, moving about in society, who could be likely to betray any of his secrets—for he valued the semblance of respectability as necessary to ambition—so, when he found that Harley had discovered one of them, he took him as his secretary, and established thereby the reputation of being benevolent “after all,” as one or two of his enemies said. Harley’s duties, as may easily be imagined, were of no very light description.

One morning he came down as usual to begin his labours, and found the captain in a better humour than he generally was. It was obvious that something had happened to somebody or other; for it was a curious fact, that a wind that blew good to Fairfax, always blew ill to other people.

“Good morning, Harley,” he said. “You’re improving;—you’re only half an hour late this morning. When I was your age, I never slept at all. However, everybody could not bend the bow of Ulysses! Now, be good enough to tell me, what you found the error of that sextant to be yesterday; and look out the longitude of these places, and the logarithms of these numbers, and copy out these remarks on ——’s Theory of the Trade Winds, and ring for breakfast!”

“Now,” he resumed, “commence reading out from the naval intelligence of that paper.” So Harley began.

“The fitting of H. M. S. Mammoth progresses rapidly, and she will soon be reported ready for sea. We regret to hear, however, that her gallant commander, Captain Biggsley, is seriously ill, and that there is no chance of his being able to retain the command. It becomes, therefore, a matter of speculation to whom it will be given. Rumour is busy on the subject; and we have reason to believe that it will be offered to an officer now resident in the town, and equally distinguished for his courage and his professional attainments.”

“Yes,” said Fairfax. “Rumour *is* busy. *I’m* rumour in this instance! I put in that paragraph. Now, go on board the Mammoth, and inquire how Biggsley is, with my compliments.”

Harley started off, and the captain sat down to write to a man in authority in town, and inquire whether the paragraph was official!

When Harley got on board he found his friend Sidney midshipman of the watch, and told him what he came for. “Don’t talk loud,” said the youth. “The old fellow’s going. He’s been so feeble lately, that he has been regularly wrapped round with flannel like a mummy; and it was a job for a scientific society to unroll him to put him to bed. Wait a minute, and I’ll tell the First Lieutenant.”

Harley walked up to a group of the officers of the ship, who were talking in low tones on the quarter-deck. They were speculating who would have the vacancy; and looked at Harley with interest, for his connection with Fairfax was well

known ; and, indeed, there were not wanting some persons who whispered that he was a son of his, in disguise.

The First Lieutenant gave a half grin when he heard Harley's message, but said nothing. He was fancying already that Fairfax commanded the Mammoth. "This way, young gentleman," he said, and Sidmouth followed him to the cabin, where old Biggsley was lying in a cot hung near the port. On a little table near him was a copy of the Admiralty regulations, an old black bible, and a pair of spectacles—their glasses dimmed with tears. A strange smile played over his worn, unshaven, yellow features, when he heard what Fairfax asked. He had waited for years to get this command, and hoist the pendant which death was about to pull down !

"You can see how I am, sir," he said to Harley, turning round his face to the port. "Fairfax," he muttered. "Well, he's a better man than I am, and I never had luck."

When Harley left the cabin, Sidney said, "I'm going to leave this ship. Ask Monmouth, when you see him, whether he'll exchange?"

Captain Fairfax was astonishingly condescending that day at dinner, to which, for a wonder, he had invited Monmouth ; who had made, as usual, a timid formal call in the morning, after hesitating in the neighbourhood for a quarter of an hour. The old gentleman, indeed, was so courteous, that Mary looked at the youths every now and then, as much as to say, "There, you see, he's not so stern

“Well, sir,” said Monmouth, with unheard-of audacity, “if you get the Mammoth, apply for me !”

“Very well,” answered Fairfax, “but remember, I will be captain, not Mary ;” and the old gentleman laughed, much as you could fancy the Wellington statue could, at the fourth tumbler, if such a phenomenon were possible.

In the evening, when poor Loobee—who always came to “pay attention” to Mary, in about as lively a frame of mind as a man going to the funeral of a relation who had left him nothing—arrived, he was subjected to a gentle course of chaff which nearly drove him mad. For Mary asked him to write something in her album, which made the unhappy man shiver, as he did not like to ask for a dictionary. And Monmouth requested his opinion of a piece of poetry by an author whose name he had never heard of : and once or twice, he saw glances exchanged between the other members of the party, which filled him with dismal uneasiness.

“Oh, how I wish these youngsters belonged to our ship !” muttered he, as he went sulkily along the street ; and the quarter-master of the watch remarked his ferocious expression of countenance, as he lighted him down to his cabin.

Next morning the ensign on board the Mammoth hung only half-mast high ; a fact witnessed by Captain Fairfax, who had gone out before breakfast to look at the vessel for the purpose. It was not long before his commission came down ; and Harley was appointed captain’s clerk.

The indignation of many captains, at the appointment of Fairfax, was terrific. How many of them had to regret an injudicious "rat"—principle sacrificed—too late! What pains they had taken to return Blobbs for the borough, and here was their reward!

Their anger increased when it was stated that Mammoth was to go as flag-ship to the Mediterranean, and when old Sir John Blinker, a shaky old admiral, hoisted his flag on board.

As many officers as could, exchanged, and it was astonishing how many were ill, and had to go to the hospital. Monmouth came on board, and showed Harley how to manage in many particulars; in return for which, Harley consented to hang up a portrait of Mary in his office, at which Monmouth used to come and look, to console himself when Fairfax was particularly ill-tempered.

One evening Harley was standing outside the captain's cabin, when he heard a lieutenant call out to somebody, "What are you loitering there for, you Yahoo! Be off."

He turned and saw shuffling along the deck the figure of the poor fellow whom he had seen land, and followed to his mother's house. The man turned, looked again wistfully at the cabin, and rushed down the hatchway.

The day of sailing came, with its noise, and bustle, and hopes, and fears, and partings. No one had leisure in that busy scene to watch a boat that hovered near the ship, with a woman in the stern-sheets; and the saddest heart felt a sudden

elation, as the vessel heeled over, and rushed through the roaring water, flinging the blue waves and white foam from her bows.

"This is the man that slung your hammock, sir," said the master-at-arms, presenting a seaman to Harley in the cock-pit.

"I suppose I must give him a glass of grog," said Harley, and he turned to look at the man in the dusky light. "Will you have a glass of grog?"

"Ave, by my halidane," said the seaman, and Harley looked at him with surprise, and recognised Jeremy Tippler. "Don't you know me?" he said.

"Indeed I do, sir," said Jeremy, "and may I request, instead of the grog, a pint of sherry, to put me in mind of better times? They are but a barbarous set here!"

When Harley saw the captain that evening, the captain gave him a small parcel directed to him in a female hand—which, however, was not Helen's. It had been left for him at Fairfax's house just before, and forwarded by the house-keeper.

"I've made a conquest somewhere," thought Harley, flattered. So he went to his office and opened the parcel, and was not a little elated when he found that it contained, with a pretty little note, signed Eleanor—a DIAMOND RING.

CHAPTER VII.



WE hope that the intelligent reader will believe us when we say, that the events hitherto narrated did not occupy any very great length of time. But a few weeks have passed, and some of the yellow leaves of autumn still linger on the trees. Let us go back a few days, and look at the people in *The Plantation*.

The morning that Gibbs was to depart for Plymouth, Helen rang her bell, but Mary could not be found. After she had waited some time the girl came, and Helen saw at once that she had been crying. Poor Helen knew only too well the outward signs induced by that operation. She could get no explanation from her, however, though the girl came on various pretences to her several times during the day, seeming anxious to say something, and not having the courage to

speak. Nor did Helen omit to remark, that she was obviously very much frightened and constrained in the presence of William Sidmouth, who came to dinner, as he was now very much in the habit of doing, that afternoon. He, however, betrayed no emotion, except, indeed, that he was in rather high spirits. The fact was, he had started Gibbs to Plymouth, all safe; and the girl was in this melancholy condition, because she had seen that faithless animal parting most tenderly from another and, on the whole, prettier Mary, recently established at The Plantation in a responsible post in the kitchen. She was uneasy at seeing William, because he had entered the room where the parting in question took place, and with many contemptuous expressions dispersed the party—lovers, jealous one, and all.

It was part of the idiosyncrasy of Gibbs, that the feelings of his nature never properly developed themselves till he was in liquor. His flowers of soul kept wonderfully fresh in beer. And that morning Gibbs had fortified himself for the journey by beer; and under its tender influence had grown loving, conformably to his usual maxim, which was, that "hooman natur would be hooman natur," and which we believe to be true after all. William had sent him off, paying great part of his way beforehand, not liking to trust him with much money—and it was in joyous remembrance of his management of him, that he looked so lively at dinner.

He was generally very cautious in his con-

duct, but this time he felt a glow of pride, as he thought of his plans, and he indulged a good deal in wine. The effect of this was that he grew very haughty, and assumed an air of condescension which surprised his aunt and amused Helen. He began to talk of Harley.

"Justice pursues the criminal!" he said; at which Mrs. Sidmouth looked astonished, and Helen laughed.

"Ah," cried he, "you look so pretty when you laugh," and he made a gesture as if to take hold of her, at which her mother, who grew frightened, went out of the room, taking Helen with her. William looked after them with a contemptuous air. "Fools," he muttered, taking another glass of wine, and in a few minutes he rose and went towards home.

As he went up the avenue he followed his usual custom, which was to look in at the bow-windows on the ground floor, to ascertain who was with his father. He peered in closely, but he had drunk so much that he staggered forward, and his head ran through a pane of the window. His father was awakened by the noise, and a dog, that had also been taking a nap after dinner, began to howl lustily. The old gentleman seized a poker, and came rushing out. "Don't be a—a—larmed," muttered William, who was a little cut about the face, and who diffused a vinous odour round him. He was taken up to bed, making several protestations that he was anxious to speak to his father "on important bu—business."



This affair annoyed Mr. Sidmouth much, for he had great reliance on his son's steadiness—a quality which he estimated highest of all ; and he was the more annoyed when, seeing Helen next morning, he found what an insuperable dislike she had conceived for her cousin. This staggered him, for he was not a bad-hearted man ; and he resolved to reconsider the propriety of trusting William, to such an extent as he intended, in the business of Harley. He began, in fact, to have

misgivings. So he asked him, carelessly, what he was thinking of doing in the affair; and was astonished to learn that he had already gone so far in it. "Well," he said, "remember I wish to learn every step of the inquiry as it proceeds!" "Oh," thought William, "that's your game, is it?" And with a sense of shame, at having so committed himself, he betook himself to plotting with greater coolness and industry than ever.

When Gibbs arrived in Plymouth, he soon ascertained that there was a young gentleman there of the name for which he inquired, but had some difficulty in finding out where he was, and what he was doing. And the seductions of the place began to influence Gibbs, who mingled among the gaieties of the lower orders. Like many more distinguished men, Gibbs began to grow hard-up, and was put to shifts. It was just as he had found out that Harley was on the point of sailing, in the Mammoth, that he received some money from William, with a very strong letter of warning and threats. He carried out the instructions in it in time. For some days he heard no more from The Plantation; and shortly afterwards, having no means of returning, he went and entered himself as a landsman on board one of the ships in ordinary.

Mr. Abel Sidmouth learned this from a very dirty note which he received from him, and which startled him by the following passage:—"You're sun is a villing. Be aware of imm. Ther is trickesry in the wind."

Poor Mr. Sidmouth could not understand this, or which "sun" the man meant. But he said nothing to William, and determined to go to Plymouth himself to investigate the affair.

William, however, had seen a note from Gibbs to one of his flames, and determined on his line of conduct accordingly.

Such was the state of affairs when both father and son learned that Harley had gone out in the Mammoth. "How did he manage it?" thought the father. "How did he live? There must be something at the bottom of it. After all, William is prudent—and what has become of the ring?"

It was lucky for William that, just as his father was in this train of thought, he came in to the room where he was with some information that the old gentleman had been seeking.

"You look rather unwell, father," said the dutiful son. "Shall I mull you a little port? I can do it nearly as well as Harley; but he's a great man, I suppose, now, and never thinks of us at all!"

What a blessing to have such a prudent, steady-going youth for a son!

CHAPTER VIII.



EEKS passed away, and the Mammoth was installed as the sovereign of the tideless sea, and lay in harbour at Malta. Sir John Blinker, the admiral, had made a

faint attempt to be the ruling man on board, which Fairfax would by no means permit. The little shaky old flag-officer (one of the old school) would come out of his cabin—"Captain Fairfax—do you hear, sir!" and Fairfax sued to turn round with the most provoking contempt, and listen with an air of patronage to the stuttering old man, after which he would do what he had originally intended, in spite of Blinker's sugges-

tions, and back up his view of the matter with a parade of science which completely put the old man down.

"What right has that old dotard to be above me?" he would say. The lieutenants hated him; for he would come up every time the sails were trimmed, even in the middle of the night, to see it done. He kept the master bending over the charts till he was nearly double. He had his eye



on everything that was done by boatswain, gunner, or carpenter; he would take the palm and needle

from the sail-maker, to show him how to do his work; and even criticised the construction of a coffin by the carpenter's mate, and swore he would nail him down in it if he didn't take care. The midshipmen avoided him carefully, except Monmouth, who bore everything, did everything, and actually fainted away, in the determination to please him, by sticking to his work once—on which the old fellow smiled in a surly manner, and carried the boy on to a sofa in his cabin. His officers were not sorry when they arrived in Malta, nor Sir John Blinker, who went on shore to live. The arrival caused a little excitement there, and the daughters of those commanding officers whom the event consigned to the obscurity of half-pay, grew less haughty, and began to dance with midshipmen once more.

Harley performed his duties quietly and carefully, and retained the confidence of Fairfax, who began to have more respect for his abilities. There was, of course, an anti-captain faction in the ship, and the officers belonging to it included Harley in their hatred of the captain. There are generally regular factions on board every large ship. The first lieutenant heads an opposition, and carries on the war by abusing the captain at army mess-dinners, and sneering at him at tea-tables on shore. The captain retaliates by thwarting the first lieutenant on board, finding fault with the furl of the sails, and so forth. All these tactics were carried on—with manifest superiority on the captain's side—on board the Mammoth.

Admiral Blinker rarely came on board ; and it was reported that he was turning a "blue-light"—on which, of course, those officers who were on the look-out for promotion turned "blue-lights" too, including his flag-lieutenant, who instantly bought an expensive bible (on credit), and used to occupy a prominent position in church. Men always follow suit in this way ; and if Barabbas could be made an admiral to-morrow (and there have been worse), thieving would be all the fashion. Even some of the crew of the admiral's barge tried the pious system too, but it is a dangerous game for the lower orders of mankind to play the hypocrite, as some of them found ; for Fairfax flogged them, on various pretexts, with great relish, saying, with a burlesque twang of the nose, "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth ; so, strip you rascal !" In fact, he was getting worse and worse every day. On one occasion, he was more violent than ever. The mail had arrived from England, and had evidently brought him some intelligence that he did not like. He stamped about the cabin (on the floor of which Harley afterwards saw fragments of paper, marked with his daughter's handwriting, lying about) ; he muttered, "Shall I never get rid of that hag ?" and rushed out. A figure tumbled as he pushed it open, and fell upon a pile of plates, that were heaped up by the side, and smashed several of them. The mate of the deck and the master-at-arms came running, at the noise, to the spot.

"Who is that infernal rascal ?" asked the captain.

"Jones, of the fore-top, sir," answered the master-at-arms.

"A worthless fellow," said the mate of the deck.

The object of these remarks stood there silently, and glanced timidly in Fairfax's face. There was something in his look that might, if the captain had not been blinded by passion, have prevented him from doing what caused him many a day's remorse—what makes that pale timid look haunt him now!

"The hands are on deck," said Captain Fairfax. "He is skulking his work. Put him in irons!"

Next morning, Harley had to go on shore at an early hour. When he returned, the ship's company were gathered together on the gangways to attend punishment. The victim was just cast off, and stepped from the grating, aft, when he got on board, and recognised his face. He had arrived just in time to see that it was the son who had suffered from the father's passion. How glad he was that the mother, whose heart it would have torn to pieces, was far away in England!

But the hasty man was punished not long after. The ship went to Syracuse for water. One of the officers landed, to shoot among the papyrus marshes on the long low shores of the gulf. He stood upon the sand of the beach, accompanied by Jones, whom he had brought with him to carry something, when, by some accident that was never explained, the loaded gun went off, and the con-

tents lodged in the seaman's body. No words but "my God" came from the wounded man's lips. He fell upon his knees—his last attitude was one of prayer—the sun beamed upon his glazed colourless eyes—he sank upon the sand, which was moistened by his heart's blood—and in a moment he was away with those who had perished on the same soil before him, long ere the temples of the Greek had ceased to glitter in the island!

* * * * *

It was evening, and Captain Fairfax sate alone in his cabin. He had now discovered all. Among the possessions of the dead man, several articles of *his* property had been found—'t was clear the man had been a thief. Some letters also found were read. Yes, he had been a thief, and had robbed the father to compensate for his neglect of the mother—robbed him, to support the life which through that father had been passed in years of shame! It was his own blood, then, that had flowed beneath the lash he inflicted; that was his son who lay yonder beneath the rough canvass on the deck, pale and cold—bah! he dare not think of it!

Fever came upon him, and he writhed in its hot grasp; and wild dreams haunted him. He saw her again in her blooming youth, when she was soft, and delicate, and happy. But that vision never lasted long; and again, and again, it was succeeded by the pale face of his son and victim—sleeping mangled in the grave! He awoke better—awoke to weep and pray!

The Mammoth returned to Malta, and it was found that Blinker had managed to have her ordered back to England. He also sent a letter on service to Captain Fairfax, making inquiries respecting Harley, and informing him that he had been charged with an offence which would unfit him for a position in the service, and that he was to be kept under arrest till due inquiry had been made.

So Harley Sidmouth was under arrest during the passage home ; but Captain Fairfax would not believe a word that was said against him, and sought in his society consolation to alleviate the bitterness of memory.

CHAPTER IX.



IT was a very important and busy day, *we* can tell you, reader, when the court of inquiry met on board the Mammoth, in Plymouth, to examine the

charges against our hero. The three gallant officers who composed it, were the lucid Gunne, the luminous Baggles, and the profound Snort. Gunne was considered a crack judge, rather, among naval men, for he had been a magistrate in some county. Notwithstanding some research, we have been unable, however, to find any testimony to his sagacity when in that position—further than that he was remarkably lenient in all those interesting cases in which weak-minded girls perform such a conspicuous part before the Bench, and remarkably strict in all cases of drunkenness. People *do* say that Gunne had personal motives in both cases—such as a tender heart in one,

a strong head in the other ; but we despise scandal. Baggles had an awkward habit of going to sleep when the witness was answering one question, and waking up just when he was asked another, so that he had a general tendency to commit everybody. Snort was a sharp little snuff-taking man, of great asperity of disposition, who had a fierce way of asking irrelevant questions and booking unimportant answers, which was imposing in the eyes of the vulgar. However, they were all three honest fellows at bottom, and Captain Fairfax had taken care to have a proper supply of refreshments for the use of the court.

Captain Fairfax watched the proceedings carefully as captain of the ship. It appeared that the representation of the offence having been committed, had been made by the father of the accused, who had felt it his duty, &c.—most reluctantly—to submit it to the Admiralty, who had ordered the inquiry. The charge was, that Harley Sidmouth, in running away from home (here Baggles, “who was the father of a family,” frowned), had appropriated feloniously a diamond ring.

It was shown, in the first place, that on a search, when accused had been put under arrest, a diamond ring had been found, and it was produced.

Mr. Abel Sidmouth deposed that he recognised the ring as the one which was missed after the flight of the accused. (Here there was a sensation in the court, and young Timkins, of the

Buster, an enemy of Harley's, rushed off to the flag-ship to say that the charge was proved.)

At this stage of the proceedings, when the ring was being handed about for inspection, a voice was heard to exclaim, "I' fackins, by my halidame!" but before the speaker was recognised, he had departed.

In a minute afterwards a note was handed to Harley, containing these words:—"Call me, and also John Gibbs, of the Blucher (who is now on board), as witnesses. JEREMY TIPPLER."

Harley accordingly called Jeremy, who began, looking very hard at the ring.

"Do you know that ring?" asked Harley.

"I know it well, Horatio. I beg your pardon, gentlemen, I know it perfectly," said Tippler.

"Where have you seen it before?"

"I pawned it in this town for a man named John Gibbs, now seaman of the Blucher, at his request, a week before I entered the Mammoth."

"Call John Gibbs."

So John Gibbs was summoned, and put to a severe inquiry touching his Plymouth proceedings, which caused him to blunder about a great deal. He confessed that he knew Tippler well, and that he had been "very hard-up" in Plymouth, and at last he burst out with "hooman natur will be hooman natur" (at which words somebody was heard to leave the cabin precipitately), and began a comprehensive confession, in the course of which Sidmouth, senior, burst into tears. He was further proceeding to make some general observations



on the bad effects of beer as a liquid of general consumption, with hints on moral philosophy generally, when he was stopped.

The only other evidence adduced was that of those who had known Harley since his arrival in Plymouth, and were anxious to say something in his favour; but this was scarcely necessary, for after a formal deliberation of a few moments, the court pronounced that there was no ground for the charges, and the members went quietly home to dinner.

"Mr. Sidmouth," said Captain Fairfax, "you must spend your Christmas Day on board here with us."

"And write for Helen," said Harley.

"And won't Miss Fairfax come, sir?" asked Monmouth.

CHAPTER X.



THE reader can doubtless guess how this favourable turn of circumstances had been brought about. Gibbs had, in fact, pawned the ring at one period of his necessities, and Tippler had been present in the same shop, and become a witness of the important operation. The note signed "Eleanor" was the production of a lady's-maid, with whom Gibbs had been "keeping company," as the vulgar call it, and who had taken part in a good many of the *affaires* in which such notes are exchanged. We hope no ingenious critic will declare the incident "unnatural." What is more natural than going to a pawnbroker's? Do not very great people pawn their diamonds, and broken-down

gentlemen pledge their plate, and their wives' velvet gowns? And do not promising young men



on town “pop” their “tickers”? (to use their own elegant expression); nay, do not some of them devote their fobs to the exclusive reception of their duplicates? And, of those who never entered a pawbroker’s shop—who never

Ibant obscuri, solâ sub cete per umbras,

to part with some relic—who know not the fatal threshold before which,

Luctus, et ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ

—who has not paused at the window, at all events, and seen the knight’s armour at the door, and the

bust of the popular author (perhaps not there for the first time), and all the delicate little trinkets that once adorned white hands, and have been, perhaps, consecrated by tears from bright eyes?

The year in which these events took place had now advanced to Christmas, and the earth was in its usual condition—like a huge bridecake sugared over with snow—and icicles glittered occasionally,



like the crystal drops in a drawing-room chandelier, on the gear and rigging of the ships in the Sound. The unfortunate naval cadets, who had to see the decks washed at daylight, might be observed shivering between the guns with very blue feet; and the old quarter-masters walked about the poop knocking their arms about, and swearing that the weather was worse than at Newfoundland. Indeed, it is a peculiarity of quarter-masters, that the present harbour, or ship, is always the worst they were ever in.

Captain Fairfax had invited all his officers, and the civilians of his acquaintance, to a grand dinner in the cabin, which was elegantly adorned (in a nautical manner) with the flags of the ship. There, the royal standard of England hung from the beams, in harmonious union with the French tricolor on the one side, and the Austrian eagle on the other; the stars and stripes of America glittered alongside the imperial emblem of the Czar; and from out the brilliant colours of them all peeped the green holly, studded with red-berries.

Before dinner began, a general expedition was made round the lower deck, in order to witness the preparation made at the mess-tables of the seamen. There were prize plum-puddings, proofs of the rivalry of the cooks to the various messes, and many of them were named after her gracious Majesty or her consort, as the "Victoria," the "Albert," and so forth, with that beautiful combination of loyalty and appetite which distinguishes

the English mind. In some of the messes conviviality had began before dinner ; in some, the pudding was attacked before the beef ; in all, there was a boisterous, uproarious joyfulness, which developed itself in thumps on the table that made the stately grog-can tremble on its basis, and the gaudy paper ornaments and holly branches quake with dread. We don't know how they keep Christmas in the Surrey Zoological Gardens, but a hint for the enterprising proprietors might have been furnished, on this occasion, by the lower deck of the Mammoth.



There are various ways of spending Christmas afloat. We have heard of a gallant captain who, being at sea, close-reefed the top-sails to make all snug; then gave permission to the seamen to get drunk for twenty-four hours—the marines keeping sober, in order to save them from falling overboard; after which period the marines got drunk, and the seamen kept watch, *vice versa*, in their turn. We ourselves have spent the Christmas in a gale of wind, making desperate efforts to be jolly, and succeeding very well on the whole. But we are inclined to esteem this Christmas party in the Mammoth as about the jolliest that was ever heard of by land or sea.

The presence of two UNAS (Helen and Mary) kept a great degree of order among the Sea-Lions. Captain Fairfax was a little melancholy at first, but warmed in time; and so subdued had the old gentleman become, that a naval cadet (who had had more than two glasses of port) is well known to have slapped him on the back, and called him “old boy,” without being eaten on the spot.

The boatswain of the ship was there in a buff waistcoat, rather smaller than the mizen top-sail, and signaled himself by always taking wine with the wrong man. At a later stage of the proceedings, Mr. Jeremy Tippler was introduced by some of the midshipmen; and having been carefully taken to a corner, out of the hearing of the quiet portion of the company, told many curious stories of his past life. Of these, bill negotiations formed no unimportant item; and it was not without some

exultation that he narrated how, on one occasion, an infuriate attorney called on him touching a bill which he had not taken up; and how he, whose worldly possessions at the time amounted to eighteenpence, offered to compromise the matter by "accepting" on blank stamps till eight next morning, if humanely supplied with grog to support him during the exertion.

It was late ere the last song was sung and the last speech made; and it was not without some trouble that a sober boat's-crew was procured to land those who lived on shore.

Of the impression made on the minds of the principal personages in our story by the events hitherto narrated, suffice it to say, that it was beneficial. Does not the Providence which sends diseases, furnish also many a healing drug, on hill and valley, accessible to him who will labour in search of them? Few men come better out of trial than have Philip Fairfax and Abel Sidmouth.

William Sidmouth went to America, where he is "one of the most remarkable men in our country, sir." He is a decided advocate of negro slavery and the Mexican war, and will probably head the expedition that liberates Mitchell from Bermuda—when it starts.

Concerning Helen Sidmouth and Mary Fairfax, we know no persons of that name now existing. But we are not prepared to say that either of them is dead yet, but are inclined to believe that they have both changed their names.

So the reader perceives that everything comes right in the long run ; as indeed does it not do, in most cases, in real life impartially surveyed ?

“ After all, it is a passable world,” as the Frenchman said ; or, at all events, since it seems the only one (of the same sort, at least) that we’re likely to have, let us take it pleasantly while we have it. There is vouchsafed to us, as Carlyle tells us in his noble language, but “ a gleam of life between two eternities ! ” Let us, then, not discolour the gleam by any dark colouring of our own.

In fact, oh ! reader, let us think, and make, the best of the world. In spite of the gloomy eloquence of our English Job—Dr. Johnson, or the keen gibe of our English Democritus—Mr Thackeray, is it not true that in the long run, in the Game of Life, HEARTS ARE TRUMPS ?

THE END.

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CHRISTMAS CHEER.

COURSE III.

A BOWL OF PUNCH.

BY

ALBERT SMITH.

A BOWL OF PUNCH.



THE INTRODUCTION.



NE cold day in the past November, as we were sitting by the fire, we heard a melancholy little rap at the door, that carried some sort of a distressed application in its very sound. This not being answered, it was followed by a dismal single tingle at the area bell, which provoked a loud one from the parlour. The door was then opened; and the servant introduced a pale, thin, ill-clad stranger, who, apologizing in weak accents, informed us that it was a Joke.

We at first felt inclined to be angry, imagining that it was a practical one, played upon ourselves ; but a closer inspection satisfied us that our suspicions were ill-founded. For the Joke was some years old, and had an anxious care-worn appearance. Its clothes were threadbare, and it otherwise exhibited symptoms of having been in the greatest distress.



The Joke observed that it was once in very good circumstances, and was sure we must know it very well.

We asked if it was the celebrated one of the impatient gentleman in the coffee-house, who inquired if his *steak* was ready, to which the waiter replied, somewhat insolently, "No, sir, but your *chops* are."



The Joke shook its head.



We next inquired if it was the offspring of Mr. Hood, about Ben Battle hanging himself, and so enlisting in the line?

The Joke answered it was not, but one equally respectable. (*The name of the Joke was here given, but as we intend making use of it slightly altered, we suppress it for obvious reasons.*) It was received in good society for some time; and next got a place, in the form of a conundrum, on a Twelfth Night character. When it was sufficiently old to be trusted on the stage, Mr. Moncrieff got it a new situation in one of the late Mr. Mathews's "patter" songs, and at the end of the entertainment it did double duty in the *Gatherer* of the "Mirror," and as one of the *Comicalities* in "Bell's Life in London."



After this it returned to the stage under the auspices of Mr. Peake in a farce at the English Opera; and then, with some slight modification, was made over by him to Mr. Planché for one of his burlesque extravaganzas.



Joke believed it was "The White Cat."

We inquired if it was not dangerous to bring such well-known jokes upon the stage.

The Joke said it was quite the contrary—that oldest witticisms always told the best upon the audience, as any member of the Dramatic Authors' Society could bear witness; and especially writers of burlesques. After "The White Cat," it was out of place for some time, until it got a very humble



engagement for three days for Greenwich Fair, but it met with such ill-treatment from the hands of Mr. Merryman, to whom it was confided, that it was laid up as incapable for some time afterwards.

We inquired if this finished its engagement.

The Joke answered in the negative. It next became a woodcut for a penny weekly paper, and was for a short time with Mr. Clarkson at the Old Bailey, and Colonel Sib-

thorp in the House. But not answering the expectation formed of it, it was turned finally adrift, and had since been wandering about in the keenest misery.

We expressed our great concern to see a once respectable Joke so fallen; and felt almost at a loss as to what course to pursue with a view to giving it assistance. Unfortunately the market was over-stocked with old Jokes, and had been so for a long time.

"Sir," said the Joke, "I am well aware of that, but I think I can suggest something. We see every day old-fashioned articles (which had become far too antiquated fifty years ago to be presentable) freshly done up, re-gilt or lacquered, varnished or soldered, and then selling for great prices on account of their very antiquity. A servant's looking-glass, which might have been turned out of Versailles a century ago for being a poor and common thing, now sells for an immense sum as a Louis Quatorze mirror. There-



fore, although I was old some time ago, yet if I am newly done up, and put into the mouth of Lord Brougham, or any other public character with a reputation for wit, I may go off as well as ever."

We remarked that we had a great objection to old puns ; but there was very great plausibility in the scheme proposed by the one in question, and we would see what could be done. It was melancholy to see a Joke that had been wont to set the table in a roar (or rather the people round it) thus reduced to misery. Still we thought in the meantime something could be got, however little, at the theatre.

"Alas," said the Joke, shaking its head, "there is not the least chance of such a thing. Since the run of burlesques, you authors have worn every joke to such a threadbare state, using several



of them upon good authority seven or eight times over, that I fear, before long, the indignation of the audience will burst forth at too glaring a repetition of a standard witticism."

We expressed our belief in the truth of the story, and

added that something should be done with it if possible. In the meantime we would give it into the hands of an artist, Mr. Hine, to see what he could make of it.



The Joke expressed its thanks, and retired into the pigeon-hole of our desk.

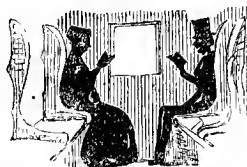


This interview set us thinking. We knew that several jokes of our own were wandering about the world in great distress; and we determined, at once, upon applying to our publisher to do something for them. Our proposal was met in the kindest spirit; and we now introduce the reader to the small, but neat refuge, provided for them.

We have called it *A Bowl of Punch*, firstly, because some of the ingredients—altered, however, and freshly illustrated—first appeared before the public in that periodical; and secondly, that it

might be a companion to *The Wassail Bowl*, which we brewed four or five years ago, before the rush of Christmas Books had used up every other term connected with the season.

This little book is not, however, merely a reprint. A great portion of it is entirely original; and if it serves to relieve a long railway journey of its tedium, or gets rid of a dull hour anywhere, its mission will be entirely answered.



AN ACT

*For the Abolition of Punishment by Tobacco-smoke
on board the River Steamers, and elsewhere.*



IT HAVING lately become the habit of hundreds of Your Majesty's subjects—authors, artisans, invalids, and other individuals requiring a mouthful of fresh air—to traverse various portions of the River Thames between Blackwall and Chelsea, for the sake of enjoying the same at a compara-

tively small outlay, consistent with the means of the majority :

And whereas it also having become the habit of other individuals, presumed to be Gents of various degrees, to voyage also on these boats, and the instant they come on board to light a species of firework composed of dried cabbage leaves, and termed a Cheroot, by the smoke of which the atmosphere is completely poisoned, and the authors, artisans, or invalids, as the case may be, put to extreme suffering :

May it therefore please Your Majesty that it be enacted ; **And be it enacted**, That henceforth each individual so offending against common politeness be

immediately set down as a “snob on parole”—the word “snob” being the common for “gent;” with



the certainty that he belongs to a class of society where such behaviour is considered (to clothe its vulgar idiom in a continental language, whereby its coarseness may be lessened) *tout à fait le fromage* : and the term “on parole” indicating at the same

time that the aforesaid “party” is *hors de chez lui pour le jour*, being in reality a *sauteur du comptoir*.



And be it enacted, That a committee be appointed to purchase and buy up all the spare cabbage leaves from the public markets ; and, having steeped them

in an infusion of strong tobacco and saltpetre, to roll them up into Cheroots. And having so formed them, that these be presented abundantly to all scavengers, costermongers, cabmen, and the like orders, whereby the air-polluters may see more clearly, that the practice is by no means fashionable or dashing, but, on the contrary, remarkably low ; and that there is

nothing of the “swell” about it—“swell” being another word by which the smokers express any tawdry display of finery upon a Gent, who consi-



ders himself a man-about-town, he not having any pretensions, in reality, beyond those of being a useful commercial assistant.

And be it further enacted, That all individuals insisting upon smoking, be accommodated with a cheap common steam-boat, all to themselves, to be called *The Cheroot*, which shall ply up and down the Thames, with strict orders to keep always on the leeward side of the river. And, moreover, to accommodate everybody, that the said steam-boat shall only run before the shop-shutters are taken down, and after they are put up again, Sundays excepted, on which day, being the great festival of smokers in the open air, it be permitted to run continuously. But at the same time, that smoking be allowed in other boats at all hours, provided the parties using tobacco do not dare to come out of the engine-room, but remain in company with the stokers, for whom they are fit society.

Saving always, That the “snobs on parole” have sense enough to see the offensive nature of their proceedings, or the non-tobaccoists have energy enough to forbid altogether such filthy attempts at

slang gentility; or that this little book becomes generally circulated, in common with others, on board the river steam-boats; under which circumstances there will be no occasion for the Government to interfere.



POST OFFICE REGULATIONS.

THE times at which letters should be put into receiving-houses to regulate their delivery, are as follow:—

If put into the receiving-house by yourself at 8 A.M.,	Or general office by 9 A.M.	{ Sent out for delivery at 10 A.M.
If given to your clerk for the same hour,	{ Wait until something else is wanted,	{ Come to hand about 4 P.M.
If given to a friend who is "going by" a post office,	{ Perform quarantine in his pocket for a week,	{ Never arrive at all.

Letters borrowing money, or begging favours, generally misearry, or come to hand whilst the person they are sent to "is in the country."

Letters demanding payment of cash due, are returned to the writers, endorsed "Gone away—not known where;" or forwarded from one place to another, with "try No. 14," "no such name," &c., until they get worn out or illegible.

THE ORIGINAL SONG OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.



I'm monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute ;
 No poors' rates nor taxes I pay,
 Nor take out a license to shoot.
 No bailiffs or brokers I dread
 To carry off me or my sticks,
 And this hut I built over my head,
 Though of mud, is as jolly as bricks.
 They may talk of residing abroad,
 With limited means for a plea,
 But of all the cheap places to live
 Uninhabited i-lands for me.

Quite out of my fashion I strike
 All habits defying my ease ;
 I wear my clothes just as I like,
 And I think they are " rather the cheese."

No poachers nor bailiffs I fear,
Nor e'er shot a man by mistake,
My venison though "cheap," still is "deer,"
And game of the game-laws I make.
They may talk of residing abroad,
At Boulogne, or Brussels, or Brest,
But of all the cheap places to live
Uninhabited islands are best.

I've no Mrs Caudle to twit,
But go to sleep just when I choose,
And corn-laws don't fret me a bit,
For I always wear very large shoes.
I've nothing to purchase, and so
With bills I am never afflicted,
And quarrels I never shall know,
Because I am ne'er contradicted.
They may talk of residing abroad,
Or of flight to the land of Yankee,
But of all the cheap places to live
Uninhabited islands for me.

TO CALCULATE NATIVITIES.

THIS is a troublesome process, and requires much labour. Find out the hour and minute of the day by the nearest clock, and if in a tavern, what sign you are under. Then according to the time you may have, walk through the streets and work out this problem. As the knockers tied up in kid are to the monthly nurses at the second-floor windows, so are the "births" in the newspapers to the doctors' gigs at the doors. Make friends with the district registrar, and inspect his tables ; and to this add the number of usually married men who may be seen entering into the gay frivolities of life. Caution is necessary to avoid calling too soon at the house after the result ; as it involves half-a-crown to the nurse.

A shorter method.—Keep an account of the increasing expenditure occasioned by your children : and, by looking back, you will soon be enabled to calculate their nativities.

 THE JOKEMETER.

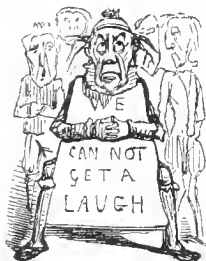
WE have constructed a very ingenious instrument for testing jokes, which we call a Jokemeter, by which any one may be enabled in future to test the merit of those articles, by determining the quantity of spirit in them, and assign them a place in proportion to their quality.

All below Joe Miller, or Zero, should be at once rejected.

A trial has furnished us with the following results, upon various jokes tested at random :—

First Rate	40	After a deep and patient research, the possibility of finding a joke of this species has been given up in despair. They have vanished from the earth.
Very Fair	35	At a late supper economy was the order of the day. Somebody wondered to see the fowls go begging, at which somebody else said that the fowls might well go begging, since they were so very poor.
Smart	30	On the Marquis of Blandford first taking his seat for Woodstock, Mr. Hume said, in allusion to his youth, that he looked as if he had not sown his wild oats. The other replied with great quickness, "Then I am come to the proper place, where there is a goose to pick them up."
Passable	25	Mr. T. Duncombe is puzzled to tell which is the most difficult—to live <i>within</i> his income, or <i>without</i> it.
Temperate	20	When Jenny Lind heard that Barroni was to sing second to her in the Norma duct, she said, "Second, indeed! before she tries a <i>second</i> , I would advise her to learn to <i>sing first</i> ." Mr. Lumley, on hearing this, was angry.
Mild	15	"Of all the plagues by authors curst," Says Morton, "sure the very worst Is to th' assembled mimic crowd Your last new farce to read aloud:" "That may be bad," sly Keeley said, "But worse to sit and hear it read."
Shy	10	Mr. Cooper, at a party the other night, being much pressed to sing, when he did not wish it, having the influenza, observed "that they wished to make a <i>bull</i> of him." "By no means, my dear fellow," rejoined a bystander, "we only want to get a <i>stare</i> out of you."
Dummy	5	The joke of a Sanitary Commissioner, who, upon being appealed to on behalf of the distressed needlewomen, said "He had been quite worried enough with the <i>sewers</i> already."
Joe Miller, or, Zero.	0	The worst specimen of this class is the venerable joke of the gentleman who, passing along the street, was told by his friend that he had kicked the bucket, "No," exclaimed he, being a wag; "I only turned a little <i>pail</i> (<i>pale</i>)."

MORE LAMENTABLE DESTITUTION.



AS a rider to the foregoing we may inform our readers that, since the case of the Distressed Joke, our chambers have been besieged by other decayed jokes applying for situations. It has been found impossible to relieve them all, and we beg to recommend them to the notice of the benevolent. We had referred them to Exeter-hall, but the principals of that establishment are not much attached to jokes, although they may be as far-fetched as their chief objects of charity.

CASE I.



AN old joke of the Irishman, who said the tea-kettle could not be lost, being at the bottom of the sea, because he knew where it was, is in great distress. It is so long since anybody laughed at it that the votes and interest of the Asylum for worn-out jokes are earnestly requested.

CASE 2.



THE joke of the urchin who supposed the gentleman's hat must be *sleepy* because it had not had a *nap* for so long. We once gave this joke a neat new dress in a funny periodical, which made it appear very respectable, but it turned out incorrigible, and is again thrown on the world.

CASE 3.



THE joke of a certain beau, who, upon being told that a hatter's house was on fire, said, "Ah! then, the loss must be *felt*." This joke once got a place at the Princess's Theatre in an extravaganza, but upon so small a salary, that it could not make any provision for the future. It is at

present totally unprovided for.

A large miscellaneous party of jokes have also applied to us, all being below Joe Miller, or Zero, when tested by our Jokemeter. They commence, in number, as follows:—

"A traveller coming to an inn" . . . (9)

"A celebrated wit was once asked" . . . (8)

"Sheridan, being in company with" . . . (4)

"Two Irish labourers the other day" . . . (6)

- "At the late assizes, during a cross-examination" (10)
 "Mr. Curran, the celebrated advocate, was walking" (7)
 "A man and his wife, having some words lately" (12)
 "Dean Swift, dining at _____" (5)
 "A roguish fellow, of Trinity College" (3)
 "During the late war, an idle fellow boasted" (2)

Communications will be most thankfully received from any person who thinks he can put the above jokes in a way of getting their livelihood. Address to the author, at the publisher's.

A TABLE TO CALCULATE WAGES.

Put down, first of all, the nominal wages received by your servant, which by calculation you will find to be the exact half of twice as much. Then subtract the fresh butter from the pantry, and the product will show you how often the best Dorset will go into the tub of kitchen-stuff. Then work out the sum: as the parlour Stilton is to the Dutch cheese, so is the cold meat to the young man who stands outside the area of an evening. Divide the contents of the teacaddy into what you use yourself, and what is used for you, and the quotient will be as one to six. Write these several results upon a slate, and by adding them up carefully you will be enabled to calculate how much your servant costs you.

Selections from

“Miscellanies, by John Aubrey,”

Preparing for republication by the Shakespere

Society.

When ye Headsman did come nighe to my Ladye Jane Grey, upon ye scaffold, and did intreat to knowe if she forgade him, she did tell him to “axe.” Whereof my good friende Master Kobyns was a witnesse.

I hade heard my daughter Alice speke of a reduced olde ladye, ye which did take to sell cakes outside Exeter Halle, in ye Strande, and had intente to sale, Nowe, my worthie Christians, buy my nice spiccy cakes. But, in her flurrie, it was her wont to obertalk herself, and saie, Now, my nice spiccy Christians, buy my worthie cakes. And at this ye wag-halter boys did molest her sorerlie.

A good friende doth affirme that lping one nighte near Greate Marlowe, in Berks, he did see four candles in his roome in place of two, ye which did dance about his bed like corpse-lights, yet he did not die withal, but fell sick. Master Baldwynne thinketh that ye spirits did attack him; and indeed many are of ye same addice.

In London are witches that at merrie festidals doe look at a man, and by their eyes' power do drawe his hearte cleane awaie, whereof he pines, and, wastynge, doth become lunaticke. This, Mr. Marry protested to me, that he did knowe. He is a person worthie of beliefe.

To Cure *ye* Influenza.

Write the following spell in parchmente, and wear it about your neck. It must be writ triangularly,—

I N F L U E N Z A
I N F L U E N Z
I N F L U E N
I N F L U E
I N F L U
I N F L
I N F
I N
I

Ye whiche being done, take *Mr* Mahomed his warme bathe, and afterwarde doe eat lustilie, and drinke ryghte sherris. Nexte goe to *Acippert* his Soirées, (as *ye* French doe call them,) and then to bedde, mindeful of *ye* colde. It hath rarelie been known to fail, nay, with this spell one *Mistress Tibbie Flykke* hath cured many.

Ye Templar nightcappe is not made of stele, nor is it a glasse of egge-hotte, as Oxforde men, whereof my friende *Musse* is one, doe conceibe. Its greate merit is that it keeps *ye* wearer from looking as though he was about to be hung. *Ireland* saies that *Richarde* *ye* Lyon-hearted did wear such a nightcappe in Palestine, but according to *Froissart* his *Chronicles*, he was alwaies too wide awake to have need of one.

Ye turnippe flies in *ye* countrie have not been so hurtfulle this year as *ye* turnober flies in our neighbourhoode, by *ye* reason of *ye* drier his lobe for malte. As *ye* turnippe flies conclude their ill-doing without *ye* leaves on *ye* plantes, so *ye* turnober flies do soe without *ye* leaves of *ye* passengers. They are met with toward nightfalle in lanes on their wale to and from merrie-makings and junketings.



THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

Oh! the old house at home, where my forefathers
dwelt,

Was a tumble-down place, where most dismal I felt;
For my friends kept few servants, and taught me the
page

Could not wait upon me, for I was not of age.

Oh! my heart 'midst all changes, from London to
Rome,

Finds each place more gay than the old house at home!

'T was not for its rent that the dwelling was dear,

But it wanted no end of repairs every year.

From the roof had been stolen the coating of lead,
And the rain pelted through till it dripped on your
head;

And a dark narrow passage, with no space to roam,
Was the hall of my father—the old house at home.

But now the old house is no dwelling for me;

I 'm settled in London, where sooner I 'd be;

And ne'er will return there, except as a guest,
 Just for two or three days—if I do, I am blest !
 The dulness would kill me, and slumber would come
 In the small dingy rooms of the old house at home.

USEFUL CHRONOLOGY.

	A.D.
Widdicombe engaged at Vespasian's Amphitheatre	70
Gunpowder invented by Geoffrey Chaucer	1330
Sir Hugh Myddleton signed Magna Charta	1215
Tobacco discovered at Newcastle by Dr. Johnson	1496
Robespierre executed at Tyburn for forgery	1794
Peace of Amiens between Boadicea and William Tell	1802
The Romans landed at New York	1492
Gibraltar taken by Joinville	1704
Action between Noah's Ark and the Chesapeake	1770
Gravesend a Republic	1792
Mr. Braham taken prisoner at the Battle of Tewkesbury	1471
Windmills invented by Lord Brougham	1299
Joan of Arc died at St. Helena	1307
Wat Tyler killed at Walworth by Sir Peter Laurie	1381
John Milton wrote his ballad of "Oysters, Sir!"	1628
Circulation of the Blood invented	1553
Queen Victoria did not go to Paris	1843
James Stuart <i>ascended</i> the Throne of England (to repair the top) Sept. 1, 1843. <i>Abdicated</i> , to dinner, on the same day, at 1 P.M. <i>Reascended</i> , same day, at 2. <i>Finally deposed</i> at 6 P.M.	

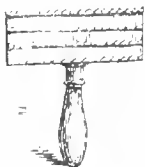
DOMESTIC HINTS.



TO KEEP CURRANT WINE FOR ANY TIME.—Bottle off and stack in bins as usual. Then, at the head of each bin place a decanter of port, which keep filled, as it will evaporate quickly. And as long as there is any port your currant wine will be preserved admirably.

TO MAKE A SEEDY CAKE.—Procure some common dough, the size of a quarter loaf. Put in half a pound of plums, two small bits of citron, and a tea-spoonful of moist sugar. Bake as usual, and keep until quite stale. It will be a very seedy cake.

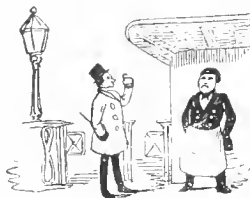
A CHICKEN STEW.—Shut up the door of the hen-roost, and throw in lighted fireworks. It is soon accomplished.



TO CURRY.—The readiest way of doing this is to buy a comb, sold on purpose at the saddlers'. In France, where horse-flesh is eaten more than in England, this will be found a good method, the horse being the animal most usually

curried.

TO ROAST A PIKE.—Go to the toll-house on Waterloo Bridge, and chaff the toll-keeper respecting that valuable property. You can dish him at the same time, by riding through behind a coach.



TO MAKE A TWELFTH CAKE.—Having manufactured eleven in any manner you please, make another, and you will have a twelfth cake.

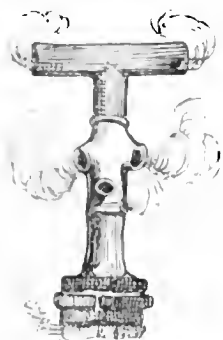


TO MAKE A WELCH RABBIT.—The simplest method is that practised in our schools by little boys, which consists in toasting a slice of yellow soap on a bit of slate over the candle. Foreigners should ask for "*Lapin du pays des Galles*," to ensure the real animal, which arrives from Wales to the London markets, potted down in the form of cheeses, to which it bears some resemblance in taste. It is not necessary to take out a poulterer's license in order to retail Welch rabbits, nor has the trade, in this particular article, been found as yet to suffer from the tariff rabbits which are sent from Ostend. The skins of the Welch rabbits are perfectly useless in a commercial point of view; but are sometimes advantageously employed to bait mouse-traps.

LIP SALVE.—This is made by simmering together equal quantities of deception and soft soap, with a portion of essence of tin. Pour in a few drops of tincture of humbug to flavour it, and strain through a cant sieve. It is excellent to correct crudities of speech.



TO PRESERVE DATES.—The surest way is to write them down in a book before you forget them.



O CURE SMOKY CHIMNEYS (an excellent way).—Lay the fire as usual with coal and sticks, but be careful not to light it. This hath rarely been known to fail, and is, at the same time, a great saving of fuel.

TO CATCH UP A GOOSE.—If any difficulty is experienced in catching a goose, or nobody has cooked your own for you, wait until somebody writes a new five act "high art" play. Then review it honestly, and you will have cut up the goose. The sage will be very difficult to find.

OYSTER SAUCE FOR TAVERNS.—Take a go of thin gruel. Heat it in a saucepan, and then add three raw oysters. Serve in a butter boat, and garnish with a few blacks.



O KEEP AWAY CHAPS.—Very plain cooks, in common with other female attendants, are recommended for this purpose. You will not then be much troubled with them.

TO CARVE POULTRY.—Fowls have seldom more than two wings. It is advisable, therefore, in carving them, to remember this.

Help the particular guests to a wing or breast; and

when they are gone, it is good breeding to ask the unimportant people "if they have a preference for any part."



REASE SPOTS are removed at any time from silks and velvet, by placing a red-hot iron upon the part, which entirely takes them away. The same will apply to ink and mould.

TO PREVENT BEER FROM BEING TURNED BY THUN-

DER.—Having ascertained that it is perfectly good, draw off entirely in pint-pots. Then having collected an equal number of railway navigators, distribute accordingly. This will answer in the hottest summer.



A BUTTERED TOAST.—I will, therefore, propose the health of my valued friend, who unites in himself every excellence; to know whom is to love him; and whose genius, honour, wit, benevolence, and moral worth, it is totally beyond the power of words to express—much more of humble words like mine.

The best period for going to market is, when you have got some money; but if you have not any, then you must wait till you have.

In choosing game to stock preserves, remember pheasants and foxes are known by their combs and brushes.



AMBRIDGE and Epping sausages are made in Leadenhall Market.

You can do a green goose the easiest, although they may be somewhat downy at the same time.

Dripping is always to be procured on wet days. It is collected by careful

housekeepers in umbrella-stands.

A quart of wine does not contain two pints.

A pound of cherries bought in the streets weighs six ounces.

A bed contains two sheets, a quire twenty-four: therefore twelve beds make a quire.

Itinerant Christmas musicians, if not connected with the parish, may be taken up as false waits.



East India traders sometimes find it a task of great difficulty to "make the Cape." English vintners do it with great facility, by mixing water, brandy, and raisin wine together, in certain proportions.

An English league contains four cabriolet miles.

A pipe of wine is 120 gallons; and 110 make a short pipe. Three barrels make a pipe, but it takes 24 pipes to make a barrel-organ. A pipe of tobacco is much less in quantity.

NEW FIGURE-DANCES,

AS PRACTISED IN THE COURTS OF LONDON AND WESTMINSTER ;
OCCASIONALLY IN THE STREETS OF SEVEN DIALS ;
AND ELSEWHERE.

LE MOUCHOIR VOLE.



First gentleman and lady advance and retire, being about to cross the road, and seeing something coming.



Second gentleman follows, and takes a handkerchief from the pocket of the first, which he gives to the second lady.



Second gentleman retires, and second lady sets the two policemen.



Policemen conduct second lady down the middle of Bow Street to the station-house.



Chaine des Dames.

MASTER FLUFFY'S FAVOURITE.

A Juvenile Dance.



First young gentleman stands on his head against the side of a house, touching the wall with his feet.



Second young gentleman advances, and knocks him over.



The two poussette and go down.



First and second young ladies advance, and hands round.



Third lady (mother of first young gentleman) appears at the door.



Grand Gallope and Chasse.



Third lady pursues first young gentleman, and brings him back in triumph by his ears.



Grand round of little boys.

UNE NUIT DE FETE.

(As danced at Vauxhall.)



First lady and gentleman enter supper-box.



Second lady and gentleman advance and join them.



Waiter advances and retires.



The two couple set to at the cold ham.



Round of Punch.



First gentleman pousettes with the waiter, and then retires altogether.



Two ladies get alarmed, and dance off.



Second gentleman has to pay.



Right and left between the waiter and second gentleman.



Second gentleman performs *cavalier seul* in *La Pastorale*, in Battersea Fields, forgetting his way home.

The music of the above figures may be heard at a cheap rate from the piano-organs of the Italian boys.

EQUATION OF TIME.

A WATCH generally goes much faster in a crowd than if it was left at home. A clock goes down if it is not wound up; but if your own affairs are approaching a wind-up instead, then it is most likely that the watch or clock will "go up." Watches should be regulated by Sun Dials; but if none are handy, then the mean time of the gin-shop clocks in Seven Dials will answer all the purpose. At the close of the theatres, the illuminated one in the Strand, opposite Waterloo Bridge, is generally G minutes to T.

A NEW DRAMA ON AN OLD MODEL,
TOM THE TURNCOCK;

OR, THE FIRELADDER OF LIFE.

(Adapted to a mixed company.)

CHARACTERS.

Lord Voracious Noheart	MR. DIDDEAR.
The Hon. Epping Forest (<i>his nephew</i>)	MR. J. WEBSTER.
Charles (<i>his friend</i>)	MR. KINLOCH.
Tom the Turncock	MR. G. WILD.
Bill Tugskull (<i>a Waterman, but no Teetotaller</i>)	MR. LAMBERT.
Highlow Jack (<i>a mysterious blackguard</i>)	MR. SEARLE.
Gentlemen, Scamps, &c.	
Lady Amelia Southdown (<i>ward of Lord Noheart</i>)	MISS HARDING.
Sally Green (<i>a water-cress girl</i>)	MISS LEBATT.
Servants, Women, &c.	

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Swan Public House, with View of Hungerford Pier. A real lamp a-light. Bill Tugskull is discovered with some watermen, smoking and drinking.*



All. Bravo! bravo!

Bill. Them 's my views. The common wherry row'd by an honest man, is better than a gilt steamer with a dissolute engineer.

Voices without. Hurrah, Tom!

Enter TOM TURNCOCK.

Tom. My day's work is over; and the man who can enjoy his pipe and beer with a clear conseience, need'nt envy the first lord of the land.

Bill. Nor the water neither.

All. Ha! ha! ha! Very good.

A voice without. Water-cresses!

Tom. That's my Sally's voice. I'd rather hear her cry water-cresses, than any of the fine airs of the foreign squallers at the hopera.

Enter SALLY.



Sally. Lar! Tom: who'd a thought of seeing you?

Tom. Why you come here a purpose—you know you did.

Sally. I scorn to tell a lie.—I did.

Tom. I know'd it. I knows were the plug lies, without looking up at the F. P on the walls.

Bill. Come, Tom, we must go. Now, lads—let's away.

Tom. Good-bye, Sally. *[They exeunt.*

Sally. I love my Tom: and when we're married, we shall be as happy as Gemini. *(sings.)*

BALLAD: "THE TURNCOCK'S BRIDE."

Enter THE HON. EPPING FOREST.

Forest. Hey day! what lovely girl is this? (*advances to her*). My dear, you're very pretty—give me a kiss.

Sally. Unhand me, sir. Though I sell water-cresses, flattery has no power over me.

Forest. So poor, and yet so rare a wit! She inflames me. Nay, then——



(*Sally screams. Tom enters and knocks Forest down with one of the keys of the water plug.*)

Forest. Do you know whom you have struck?

Tom. An honest heart does not care who it strikes.

Forest. 'Tis well—you shall repent this.

Erit FOREST.

Sally. Oh, Tom! I am so glad you came.

Tom. So am I. I shall always protect you.

DANCING DUET.

MR. G. WILD and MISS LEBATT.

(*The duet commences to some lively popular air, with anticipations of matrimonial felicity, when there is a sufficiency of funds to admit of it. Allusions are made to the probability of starting in the coal and potatoe line; and there is a hint thrown out of an infant. At the conclusion of each verse there is a*

dance. Miss Lebatt places her arms a-kimbo, and Mr. Wild does the same, when they alternately incline towards and recede from each other. Then Mr. Wild



follows Miss Lebatt, in a lively measure, and with pointed toes, towards the O. P. stage box; and afterwards recedes in the same manner. Then Miss Lebatt permits Mr. Wild to put his arm round her waist, and they whirl rapidly round, finally disappearing at the prompt entrance, amidst unanimous cries of "encore.")

Enter HIGHLOW JACK, mysteriously.

Jack. No one here! (*beckons off.*) You may come, sir.

Enter FOREST.

Forest. The base-born scoundrel, then, has escaped my vengeance; but I'll be even with him yet. Now to business.

Jack. I'm ready for anything.

Forest. My debts must be paid. To-night I shall fire my uncle Lord Noheart's house, and escape with the jewels in the confusion: you will be there?

Jack. Of course.

Forest (walking off). Ha, what do I see? The bailiffs have tracked me; they come.

Jack. To the river: a boat! a boat!

Bill rushes from house.

Bill. Here you are, sir.'

(*They jump into boat at the pier as the bailiffs enter.*)

Forest. To the Lion Brewery! Saved! saved!



Grand Tableau. End of Act I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Drawing-room in LORD NOHEART'S house.*

Enter LADY AMELIA SOUTHDOWN.

Lady A. What can detain my Epping! My woman's heart tells me I love him. Ha! my guardian.

Enter LORD NOHEART.

Lady A. Why so melancholy, my lord?

Lord N. Because I never knew the fate of my first-born child.

Lady A. Your sorrows interest me. What became of him?

Lord N. Listen.

(*He draws two chairs to the front; audience dispose themselves to sleep.*)

'*m* is now four-and-twenty years ago—

Lady A. Impossible!

Lord N. But true. She left me in the dead—

Lady A. The dead!

Lord N. Of night.



Lady A. Who!

Lord N. My wife and child—

Lady A. Proceed.

Lord N. (*overcome with grief*) And they returned
no more!

Lady A. Let us retire to rest.

Lord N. Alas! there is no rest for me.



AMELIA rings. *Flat candlesticks are brought, and they retire. Stage dark. Music.*

Enter EPPING FOREST and HIGHLOW JACK.

Epping. This is a nasty business.

Jack. Pooh! have some brandy. (*Drinks from a wicker bottle.*)

Epping. Heaven grant this may be the only pocket
pistol we shall have to use.

Jack. Where's the swag?

Epping. In the chamber of Amelia.

Jack. Here's the congreves—now for the blaze.

They set fire to the house. The conflagration begins in all parts at once, according to custom. Music, shrieks, &c. EPPING FOREST and HIGHLOW rush across the stage with the treasure, and exeunt. Window is thrown up, a ladder is placed against it, and TOM TURNOCK enters from outside.

Tom. I've turned on all the mains, and now to save the inmates.



A shriek. He rushes off, and returns bearing LADY AMELIA in his arms. He carries her through the window. [Enter LORD NOHEART.

Lord N. My treasure! Where is my treasure? I am ruined. (*Rushes out of window after them.*)

Enter EPPING FOREST and HIGHLOW.

Epping. See, yonder goes my uncle; let us follow him! quick! (*They follow LORD N. out of window.*)



Enter SERVANTS carrying various articles.

Servants. This way! this way! to the ladder!
They rush out of window after the rest. The whole

scene falls in and discovers a crowd, with the engines working. In front is LADY AMELIA reclining on a feather bed, attended by EPPING.

Amelia. To whom am I indebted for my life.

Epping. To me, dearest.

Lord N. Where is the incendiary?

People (bringing on TOM TURKCOCK). He is here.

Higlow Jack. I saw him come down the ladder immediately after the fire. He's the man.

Tom. I am innocent.

Lord N. Base villain! away with him to the police station.

Epping. Amelia, you are mine. (*Aside*) And the treasure also. My debts are paid.

SALLY enters and throws herself into TOM'S arms.

They tear them asunder. The chimneys fall in.



Tableau. End of Act II.

ACT III.

Magnificent saloon in the country mansion of LORD NOHEART, fitted up for a splendid fête. Grand collation of apples, peaches, and gilt vases, in the middle of the ball-room. LORD NOHEART discovered.

Lord N. What is all this gaudy wealth, when the canker is in the heart—here! here!



Enter HIGHLOW JACK.

Highlow Jack. I know your secret. Give me money.

Lord N. Never—how much?

Highlow Jack. One thousand pounds.

Lord N. I have not got it.

Highlow Jack. Pooh! pooh—the guests arrive.

Lord N. I consent: conceal yourself.

(*Music. Guests arrive, principally ladies, who promenade about by themselves, and admire the backs of the cut scenes, or inspect the audience.*)

Enter LADY AMELIA.

Amelia. Uncle, why this gloom where all is revelry?

Lord N. Some day you will know all.

Amelia. My betrothed is approaching.

Lord N. Then let the dance proceed.

(*Grand divertisement, something between a quadrille and a morris dance. At its conclusion the HON. EPPING FOREST enters.*)

Epping (to AMELIA). Let us to the altar.

Highlow Jack (entering). No—you dou't.

Epping. How, villain!

Highlow. Ay, villain! who stole the cash box?
(*Consternation of company.*)

Epping. Betrayed!

Enter CHARLES, his friend.

Charles (his friend). A band of ruffians surrounds the house.

Highlow (seizing AMELIA). Then all my wishes are accomplished.



(*He is bearing her off, when he is met by TOM THE TURNCOCK, who knocks him down.*)

Highlow (dying). I deserved it: remorse! water!
Lord Noheart—Tom is—ah! (*dies.*)

Lord N. What do I hear? (*to TOM*) I am sure you must have a locket somewhere.

Tom. I have—look here (*shows locket*).

Lord N. It is—it is the same. You are my long-lost son. (*Embraces him.*)

Tom. Huzza! here's a move. Sally!

Enter SALLY.

Sally. Oh, gimini—what a fine place, and what beautiful company!

Tom. Come to my arms. I've turned on the main with joy.

Lord N. (to EPPING). And this honest heart—*my* son—you put in prison.

Epping. A life of misery shall atone for this sin. Amelia—we part—for ever!

Tom. No such thing. I'll make everybody happy. *(Joins their hands.)*

Epping. I am reformed.

Amelia. Generous individual!

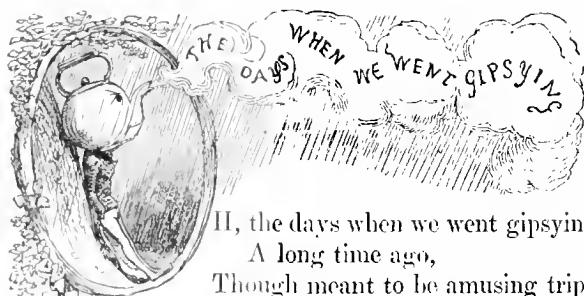
Tom. Open the plugs of the wine-bottles. We'll all be married directly.

Sally. And shall I be a fine lady, Tom?

Tom. That you shall; for the woman who goes through trouble for the man she loves, is prouder than the first lady of the land, although her lover is but "TOM THE TURNCOCK."

(LORD NOHEART unites their hands, and then kisses AMELIA and EPPING. Guests dance another quadrille, and, hurrah at its conclusion. Grand tableau as the curtain falls, and the piece is performed every night until further notice.)





II, the days when we went gipsying,
A long time ago,
Though meant to be amusing trips,
Proved nothing else but woe.



The fire-place would never draw,
The wood was always green,
And nought but flies and creeping things
Were in the milk-pot seen.
And thus we passed the hours away,
In pastime very slow,
In the days when we went gipsying,
A long time ago.



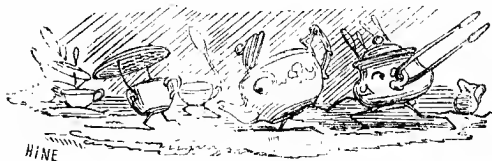
The tea was always very bad,
The water never boiled ;
We wore the smartest things we had,
And they were always spoiled.
And if along the meadows damp
We felt inclined to roam,



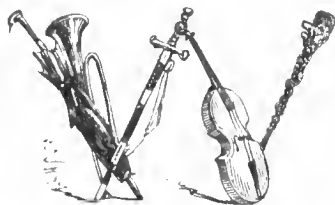
It usually began to rain
Before we got safe home.
And thus we passed the hours away
In pastime very slow,
In the days when we went gipsying,
A long time ago.



We never mean to pay again
A visit to the scene,
And seat ourselves on emmets' nests—
We are not now so green.
We do not love it overmuch,
But when we want our tea,
We'll take it on a table, where
It always ought to be.
And thus we'll drink it properly,
Provided 'tis not sloe,
Much better than the gipsying
A long time ago!



NEW AND INTERESTING SCHEME.

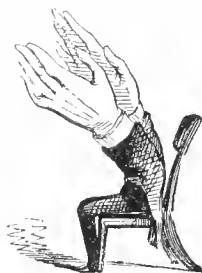


WITH the hope of doing away for ever with theatrical failures, we have started a company, and earnestly beg that managers will direct their immediate attention to

it. We call it the *Society for Ensuring Dramatic Success*, and the following is an outline of our plan:—

We undertake to provide a number of individuals, to be admitted free into the various parts of the house, on the first nights of performances. Those in the boxes will be suitably attired in dress suits, with cleaned kid gloves; those in the pit in registered paletots, thick-heeled boots (to stamp down opposition with), and with sticks and umbrellas furthermore to overcome all expressions of disapprobation; and those in the gallery will look like mechanics out for a holiday. In fact the Society is, in a great measure, the English translation of the Company long known in Paris as the *Claque*.

The duties of these individuals will be various; but their nature, and the remuneration required, may be known from the following tariff:



SCALE OF PRICES.

s. d.



O sitting in the dress-circle in a white neckcloth, and laughing heartily at the points of a comedy, or applauding violently at the poetry of a play, throughout the whole five acts		2	6
To ditto, ditto, at half-price		1	6
To reviving a declining round of popular approbation		0	6
To calling for the principal performer afterwards		0	6
To knowing a theatrical reporter, and trying to influence his notice for the morning papers		5	0
To not knowing a theatrical reporter, except by sight, yet sitting next to him, lending him a pencil, and perpetually observing how good everything is, until he thinks so		2	0
To a thick stick		0	4
To checking an incipient hiss by shouting lustily "Turn those geese out;" and "Shame!"		1	0
To saying "Capital!" "I don't know when I have been so amused!" "Best thing I ever saw!" and similar eulogistic sentences, in a loud tone on coming out of the theatre, and afterwards repeating them at the Albion, Evans's, Café de l'Europe, &c.		1	6

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
To pointing out the jokes and allusions in burlesques to country gentlemen who do not understand what they are seeing .	2	6
(N.B.—The charge appears somewhat high, but the labour is very great.)		
To procuring an <i>encore</i> for anything .	2	0
To ditto for a ballad by the tenor, on the first night of an opera .	5	0
(N.B.—This charge will be defrayed by the music-publisher who has purchased the music.)		
To keeping people from going to sleep, which gives the house an impression that what they are witnessing must be rather dreary .	1	6

The above will give managers an idea of the service that may be rendered by an early application to us. Authors will be privately treated with, and a small reduction made in their case.

THE LOVE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

INTRODUCTION.



WHILST all the daily papers teem
with stories of starvation,
The Bishops, Ireland, income-tax,
and general stagnation ;
And each one strives to show the
world how very bad all trade is,
Not one has ventured to take up
the cause of the “ young ladies.”

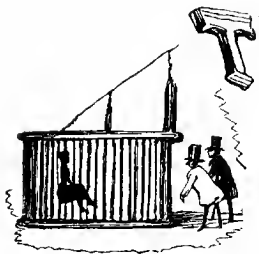
Their ease they state as desperate—the
young men seem demented,
And with a bachelor’s estate are horribly
contented ;
So since this anti-marriage whim now
passes all endurance,

They’ve plann’d a ladies’ union, to form a *Love Assurance*.
Buy buy, buy buy, buy buy! who’ll buy some shares?

AIR.



THE committee have found that
gentlemen's offers
Are usually ruled by the state
their coffers ;
And though, in rare cases, a
pretty girls,
With naught but their bright eyes and dark si
curls,
Have gone off at once, like a dry Congi
match,
Yet with most of the others the flame will
catch ;
But in spite of all efforts refuses to light,
Like a Catherine Wheel on a very wet night.



THE rules they have made are dra
up with much care,
And nought is left out that the be
can ensnare !
They can boast—to o'ercome this
state of affairs—
A flourishing capital, raised by
shares ;
With adequate portions each class to enhance,
The most desperate spinster may still have a chance,
As some fierce half-pay captains are settled with pensio
To bluster, and ask timid youths their intentions.



THESE qualifications the *first* class demands,
 Dark eyes, chestnut hair, figure good, and small hands.
 Her features expressive, a brilliant complexion—
 With a perfect *tournure*—little feet no objection.
 She must waltz, and (of course) have an exquisite waist,
 Sing and play, when she's asked, with a critical taste.
 The suitor in this case must look for no help,
 Such a *belle* "is a fortune, you know, in herself."



CLASS two—rather plain, both in figure and face,
 But of course "very amiable,"—always the case.
 As attractions are few, and inducements not great,
 The portion assigned to this class is *first rate*.
 She can play some quadrilles—they're a rather old set,
 And remembers one waltz, from the air of "We Met;"
 And deeming her voice more expressive than strong,
 Has been known, with much pressing, to chirp a faint
 song



C *LASS* three—plainer still :
 every plan has essay'd,
 Yet not much inclining to
 die an old maid,
 Is waiting to see how the
 next system acts,
 Of teaching the poor, and distributing
 tracts.
 Her temper “so so”—thinks waltzing
 “not right,”
 But four hundred a-year may some
 suitors invite.

Wears her hair in plain bands tightly pulled round
 her head,
 To look intellectual; the colour is—*auburn*.



HORTICULTURAL fêtes will be
 given in shoals,
 With archery meetings, and
 balls for the Poles.
 In fact, every species of man-
 trap e'er known,
 Will be set, for the use of sub-
 scribers alone.
 Then, fair ones, no longer give
 way to despair,
 But rush to our office, and pur-
 chase a share,
 Or Hymen, a bankrupt, will
 sell off his chains,

NUTS TO CRACK.



WE have a dull friend who occupies himself during his leisure hours in making conundrums. They are remarkable for their simplicity, and peculiarly acceptable to all who do not choose to tax their brains too much with abstrusive queries. We subjoin a few of the most eligible :—

Why is an umbrella like a Mackintosh ?—Because it keeps off the wet.

When is a pane of glass not a pane of glass ?—When it's smashed to pieces.

How is Pennsylvania spelt in two letters ?—Nohow at all.

Why do people go to bed ?—Because they feel tired.

When does a man in a brown coat, with a parcel under his arm, go along Fleet Street at the rate of five miles an hour ?—When he's in a hurry.

When are eggs not eggs ?—When they're an omelette.

What is the difference between live fish and fish alive ?—No difference.

We have also an obstinate matter-of-fact acquaintance, who, upon being asked riddles, such for instance as "Why is Westminster Abbey like a fire-place?"



always replies, "Well, but it is 'nt, you know;" and directly begins an argument to show that it is not.

TO GENTLEMEN ABOUT TO VISIT
BOULOGNE.



PROFESSOR Vanille has opened a French class, twice a-week, at his residence, to which he particularly directs the attention of Young England. His mode of teaching is peculiarly adapted to the present style of conversation ; and he puts forward the following as specimens :—

A fight	<i>Un moulin.</i>
A brick	<i>Un bon garçon.</i>
A judge	<i>Un bec.</i>
A hack carriage .	<i>Une mouche.</i>
A soldier	<i>Un homard.</i>
Beer	<i>Lourd.</i>
A hat	<i>Une tuile.</i>
A simpleton . . .	<i>Un manchon.</i>
A watch	<i>Un navet.</i>
Money	<i>Les petits clous sans têtes.</i>

Cards of terms and address may be had at the class-room.

THE SISTER BRIDESMAID.

(A BALLAD.)

THE guests have departed who stood at the shrine,
 All but Vavasour Pelliam, who 's had too much wine,
 And has fallen asleep, on the table, to dream,
 Reclining his brow in a dish of pink cream.

The bride from the arms of her mother has flown,
 And the bride's only sister sits weeping alone ;
 The fair orange blossoms far from her are cast,
 That cost ten-and-sixpence the week before last.

Oh ! why does she utter that low wailing sound,
 And why is her band thrown away on the ground—
 The band of white satin that circled her waist
 Where the arm of the false one had often been placed ?

She went to the church with that gay wedding train,
 None solaced her sadness or heeded her pain ;
 And when she return'd she was ready to drop,
 Although at the banquet expected to stop.

But now all is over—her brother's bright dirk
She seizes with frenzy, and swift to the work;
She rips up her stay-lace—her anguish is o'er,
And the heart of the bridesmaid is joyous once more.



UNCLE WHACKEM.

A MODEL FARCE, IN ONE ACT, ARRANGED FOR
THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

CHARACTERS.

Uncle Whackem	MR. F. MATTHEWS.
Peter Pummel	MR. BUCKSTONE
Fred. Fizgig	MR. C. MATTHEWS.
Grab (<i>a bailiff</i>)	MR.
Emily Whackem	MISS HOWARD
Bustle	MISS FITZWILLIAM.

SCENE.—*A room in the “BLUE DRAGON.” Bells
ringing violently.*



Enter BUSTLE.

Bustle. I'm a coming, I'm a coming. Bless me, what a dreadful life I do lead here. Hurry skurry, hurry skurry, all day long. There's nothing left of me.

Enter FRED. FIZGIG.

Fiz. Ah! my dear! allow me to imprint a kiss upon those ruby lips.

Bustle. Upon my honour he's a very handsome young fellow (*wipes her mouth with her apron*). Law, sir, I don't know what you mean!

[*Joke No. 1, a laugh.*]

Fiz. That's what I mean my love.



(*He kisses her; she runs away, screaming, and bumps against PETER PUMMEL, who enters at that moment.*)

[*Joke No. 2, a safe laugh.*]

Pummel. Halloo! confound that waiting maid, she's taken away my wind. Here I am, just come off the coach.

Fiz. I wonder who that is. I'll address him. Hem!

Pummel. Eh! What's that—Oh! a stranger! Who can he be? ahem!

Fiz. Did you speak, sir?

Pum. I, sir—no, sir—I thought you did, sir.

[*Joke No. 3, a titter.*]

Fiz. Fine day, sir.

Pum. Ye-e-e-s, remarkably fine. (*aside*) What can he want?

Fiz. I think I've had the pleasure of meeting you before.

Pum. Very likely, sir.

Fiz. Your name is—bless me—I quite forget—it is—

Pum. Pummel, sir! Peter Pummel!

Fiz. Ah! so it is. How are you, Pummel, my



boy (*slaps him on the back*); and what brings you here. Anything I can do for you?

Pum. The fact is, I've come here to marry my cousin, Miss Whackem.

Fiz. (*Aside*) Whew! Marry Emily! (*aloud*) I congratulate you, my dear sir. Do you know her?

Pum. No; nor her uncle.

Fiz. (*Aside*) That will do; I can pass for him.

Pum. I'm going to make myself smart. Good-bye, sir.

Fiz. Good-bye, Pummel, my boy. [*Exit PUMMEL.*

Enter EMILY.

Emily. My dear Fred.

Fiz. My dear Emily.

Emily. My uncle is as obdurate as ever.

Fiz. Pummel is here.

Emily. Where?

Fiz. There! (*points.*)

Emily. No! oh!

Fiz. Never mind: leave all to me. Here's somebody coming. Conceal yourself.

(*EMILY hides behind a wing. GRAB enters with a writ.*)

Grab. This is my gentleman (*taps him on the shoulder*). Your name's Fizgig.

Fiz. No, it is n't. Fizgig's in his room. That's the one.

(*PUMMEL enters in smart clothes. GRAB seizes him.*)

Grab. I must trouble you to come with me.

Pum. It's all a mistake.



Grab. No, it is n't. If you resist I shall use force. Come along. (*He drags PUMMEL away.*)

[*Joke No. 4, a roar.*]

Fiz. So—I've got rid of him. Here comes his uncle.

UNCLE WHACKEM enters, looking at his watch.

Whack. This is the time I was to meet my intended son-in-law.

Fiz. That's me (*aside*). My dear sir, how d'ye do—how d'ye do.

(*Shakes hands with him, squeezing him very hard, and shaking a long time.*)

[*Joke No. 5.*]

Whack. Mr. Pummel, glad to see you. I've got a secret.

Fiz. I'm all attention.

Whack. My daughter's in love with a scamp. I expect him here. You must marry her immediately.

Fiz. I shall be delighted.

EMILY enters from wing.

Whack. Why, Emily, where did you come from?

Emily. I followed you, papa.

Whack. This is Mr. Pummel—you must be married directly.

Emily. Oh—papa—so soon.

Whack. Nonsense—go along and get married directly. [*They exeunt.*]

PUMMEL enters out of breath, and running.

Pum. So I've got away. I won't come here again, as sure as my name's Peter Pummel.

Whack. What do I hear! who are you?

Pum. Peter Pummel. I've just been taken up for the wrong man—that scoundrel Fizgig.

Whack. What! is he here?

Pum. Yes—in red check trowsers.

Whack. He's gone to marry Emily.



Pum. Oh! (*faints.*)

[*Joke No. 6.*]



Enter EMILY and FIZGIG, having been married in the interval. hey kneel.

Emily. Forgive us, papa.

Fiz. Yes, please forgive us, and we won't do so any more.

Pum. And what am I to do?

Fiz. (Aside) Hush—I'll make your fortune.

Whack. Well, you rogue, I'll forgive you (*comes forward*), and I hope, in return, our kind friends here will not be offended with Uncle Whackem.

(Curtain falls to great applause.)



OUR CONDENSED MAGAZINE.



OUR conviction has long been that everything curtailing space or time is in the ascendant. Cunning cooks condense many tureens of soup into one small pill-box; railways shorten journeys to imperceptible distances; jokes, which would formerly have elaborated into a dozen volumes, are collected into one of our numbers; in fact, high-pressure condensation is everywhere the rage. As such we announce our intended magazine; which will contain numerous continuous papers and light articles, of which we give specimens; together with an attempt to depict the state of the mind enjoyed by the reader when he has finished them.

THE CONDENSED MAGAZINE.—No. 1

April 1, 1848.

Price 1s.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ANTHONY FLY
LEAF.—CHAPTER V.

THE RAMSHOODRA. From "MOMENTS IN MADRAS."

THE FIRST OF THE PONGOWONKEES.

CAPTAIN PIKE ; or, The LEE SHORE.

DE COURCY. A Fashionable Novel.

RANTWELLIANA ; or, ANECDOTES OF W. J. RANTWELL,
COMEDIAN.

MAGNUM OF BURGUNDY. A Romance of the Fronde.

THE MISER'S NIECE.

LONDON :

BOGUE, FLEET STREET.

I.—LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ANTHONY FLYLEAF.

CHAPTER V.—OF THE MANNER IN WHICH ANTHONY
STARTED AND ARRIVED.

A comical carriage was the one which now came up to the door to take Anthony on his journey. It was not a gig, nor a waggon, nor a van, nor a baker's barrow, but something between them all—an old fellow, who was the oldest inhabitant of the old shed wherein it had lived, or rather decayed, ever since the farm was built ; and it now came creaking and wheezing up to the door as though it appealed to everybody whether it was not a shame to send it upon such an expedition. And when they stepped up, it

gave a sulky grunt, that showed it had made up its springs to be uncomfortable for the day.

“Good-bye, mother,” said Anthony, whilst Bob Tacks tried to make the old mare look as though she were quite gay and restive.

Anthony said this gladly. But his heart was very full, and when he turned his head away, it was not altogether to watch the ducks, who were marching in grave order to the pond.

(*To be continued.*)

II.—THE RAMSHOODRA. FROM “MINUTES IN MADRAS.”

“*Burrow sahib*” (master), said one of my *dandies* (boatmen), as he handed me my *chatter* (a large umbrella) as I left Jaggerbedam.

Being anxious to meet Rusty Khan before the monsoon, I took the umbrella; and ordering one of my kitmudtgars to attend me, I started off in the jungle, with my ghee in a kidgereet pot.

I had heard the Ramshoodra was at Bumbleabad, and resolved to overtake him: I therefore got a *budge-row* (a travelling barge), and, after my tiffin, left the jungle for the nearest *ghaut* (landing place), which was at the end of some paddy fields. We had a pleasant journey; but on arriving at Bumbleabad I found the object of my trip had quitted that place the day before. I was received by the *munchee* (interpreter), of whom I inquired where he was gone? He replied “*Bungee ramsuds*” (he has cut his stick).

I never went near Bumbleabad again.

(*To be continued.*)

III.—THE FIRST OF THE PONGOWONKEES.

(Pertaining to the flight of a party of dishonest Red Men from Catlin's Museum of North American Indians.)

The path over Primrose Hill, which had gradually become less distinct in the approaching darkness, now appeared to stop altogether in a tangled maze of fern and brushwood, which stretched in the direction of Wormwood Scrubs. Now and then the light of the moon fell for a few seconds on the thicket before them, but was quickly withdrawn again, as a few dark clouds, chased by the wind in fitful succession, passed over her face.

As they proceeded, in silence, the Indian keeping his dark eye fixed on the ground, the report of a gun was heard in the distance, prolonged in ringing echoes round the hill, and a bird, which Corduroy Leggings pronounced to be a crow, flew screaming away, until it was lost in the distance.

"That's the crack of a rifle," exclaimed the Scamp. "It's the natur' of them infarnal Mingoes to be at their old games in the warrens. The Delaware takes more time to aim, and uses less powder. What say you, Catchhookpipe?"

"The Mingo is not loved by the Great Spirit," replied the old man. "His mocassins are without shells, and his wampum is not strong. He drinks the firewater of Hodges, and the thunder of the pale-faces, Pigou and Wilks, kills him."

"They have passed by here, however," exclaimed Corduroy Leggings. "There is the impression of a

tipped highlow on that mole-hill. The trail is too marked to be of more than six hours' standing."

The Indian bent his keen eye in the direction indicated by the Scamp, and muttering his usual subdued "Hugh!" picked up a small cylinder of crockery.

"The Huron chooses the naked weed," he exclaimed, "and is not this a short pipe! He is a great medicine, and his scalps are as the sea-sand."

"Here is a part of the tobacco-screw," cried the Scamp. "What does it say, chief?"

Catchhookpipe took the bit of paper, and inspected it in the moonlight with a searching glance.

"The seller of the leaf speaks in parables," he replied, "and the Mohican knows not their meaning. What is the difference between fish alive and live fish? Has my brother a name?"

"The Mingoes," replied the Scamp, "call me Corduroy Leggings; the Delawares term me *Le Rusé Navet*; but on the line I am called the Artful Navvy, or navigator."

"The navigator takes to the deep waters and the floating houses of the pale-faces; and this is an iron road. Where is my brother's canoe? Has he sold it to the Hurons, or is it up the spout of the Whiteskins?"

"He has reason," thought the Scamp. "It is neither, chief," he continued, speaking in the Delaware idiom. "Is not the medicine-store of Catlin in the Egyptian Hall? and hath he not the canoe?"

"My brother has still his rifle," remarked the Indian.

"Aye, I have," replied the Scamp, affectionately regarding the piece. "Killcat has proved himself a good friend—but silence; we are approaching the deep recesses of St. John's Wood."

(To be continued.)

IV.—CAPTAIN PIKE.

THE CHASE.

As darkness came on the interest of the party on board the cutter proportionately increased. All were too much occupied with their own reflections to enter into any conversation, and the silence that prevailed was broken only by the dash of the heavy waves as they divided upon the bows of the vessel, or a subdued exclamation as the chase rose on the distant swell, and showed the light tracery of her elegant rigging in distinct outline against the lurid belt of light that stretched along the horizon.

"Speak to her again, Trip," said Lanyard, who was watching the schooner with intense anxiety.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the mate.

In another instant he pointed the swivel and sent its iron messenger across the space of foaming waters between them and the object of their pursuit.

"They will hear that's a brass gun by the ring, if they have any ears for such music," said Lanyard, leaping from the capstan. "Now we shall see what they are made of."

(To be continued.)

V.—DE COUREY.

CHAPTER IX.

The season finished, and with the other delicate annuals of Curzon Street, De Courey sought the blue and sunny Italy. He was strolling one morning through the costly galleries of the Palazzo Pitti, at Florence, when Vavasour suddenly stood before him.

“ You here ? ” exclaimed De Courey.

“ You see me,” said the gay Vavasour, grasping the hand of his friend. “ Where are you staying ? ”

“ At the Albergho d’Inghilterra—and you ? ”

“ Out of the town—the Palazzo Bruciato, near the Porta san Gallo; it is an excellent house, although rather too warm for summer. Do you like Florence ? ”

“ *Passablement*: the paved streets are pleasant for travellers, but bad for the horses. What brings you here ? ”

“ Lady Harriett. She is staying near Fiesolè.”

“ Indeed ! ” said De Courey; “ we will pay our respects together then.”

And taking his friend’s arm they entered the Café Strozzi.

(*To be continued.*)

VI.—RANTWELLIANA ;

OR, ANECDOTES OF W. J. RANTWELL, COMEDIAN.—(*Continued.*)

One night at Bath, when the treasury ran very low, Rantwell whispered to Briggs, who was then performing *Sir Peter Teazle*, that although it was winter

there did not appear a prospect of getting much *salary* that week. Singularly enough, the tragedy of *De Montfort* was played in the following week.

On April 2, 1804, Rantwell, having suffered for some weeks from nettle-rash, played *Sir Francis Wronghead*. On the following day he wrote to the manager, Mr. Praps, as follows:—

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I am sorry I was not at home this morning when you called; but if you will favour me with another call to-morrow at the same hour, I shall be at your service.

“Yours, very truly, “W. J. R.”

This is a remarkable instance of the minute attention to business which characterizes all Rantwell's transactions.

(*To be continued.*)

VII.—MAGNUM OF BURGUNDY.

A ROMANCE OF THE FRONDE.

Dear Reader! do you know that part of *la belle France* where nature seems to have collected all her stores of loveliness from the other provinces to adorn the favoured one,—where the luxuriant vineyards climb up the steepest declivities, projecting their long swinging branches from the summit of the rocks, or form their beauteous festoons from tree to tree, as they twine their tendrils round the spray? Do you know that bright land where the blue and sparkling Loire, reflecting the

hue of the unclouded sky above, murmurs in its gentle course through the green plains and thick woods that adorn its banks,—where the choicest fruit trees spring up in the centre of the fields of golden maize, and every bush echoes with most melodious feathered minstrelsy, and every heart partakes of the influence of this gay and joyous climate? If so, you will agree that there are few spots which equal in soft beauty and picturesque scenery the sunny region of merry Tourainè.

Two hundred and sixty-eight years ago (which by a fair calculation will bring us back to the year of grace 1580), the rich tract of land which stretches eastward from Tours, between the Loire and its tributary the Cher, was even more lovely in verdant detail than at this present time. It had not been subdivided for cultivation, but was entirely covered with bosquets of small trees and wild flowers, except where the primitive bridle-road had gradually encroached into a *grande route*, rough and uneven to be sure, and barely practicable for the lightest carriages, yet still sufficiently marked to indicate that it conducted to some place of higher importance than the numerous small villages which lay scattered on the face of the surrounding country. Every crag and eminence on the hills in the distance was marked by its chateau, or stronghold, some of whose ruins are still extant; and on either side it was bordered by a thick belt of foliage, that cast a deep shade, where the broad corn-fields now crackle and ripen in the noontide sun.

It was the month of August. The trees were flourishing in all the luxuriance of summer, except that

their green leaves had taken a somewhat deeper tint ; and the blush of the grape was assuming a more purple dye, when two horsemen slowly wended their way along



the green and flowery path that skirted the right bank of the Loire, in its course from Tours to Amboise. For a while they continued their route in silence. Little broke the stillness that reigned around, except the deep hum of the bees from the floating apiaries that glided slowly along the river, or the mellow and subdued sound of the cattle-bells as they fell softly on the ear from the distance.

G. P. R. J.

(To be continued.)

VIII.—THE MISER'S NIECE.

CHAPTER THE —PEERLESS POND. UNCLE TRUSSELL'S
INTERVIEW WITH HIS NEPHEW.

Peerless Pond, whither Trussell now bent his steps, was a piece of water, nearly on the site of the present bath, three hundred and ninety feet long, ninety-three feet broad, and eleven feet deep, stocked with carp, tench, and a great variety of the finny tribe, wherein subscribers had the privilege to angle. On each side was a high slope or bank, with numbers of verdant trees, terminated at the top by a gravel walk between stately limes; and at the head of the fishpond, westward, stood a handsome old country squire-like building, which looked on the water, and wherein all sorts of luxuries were dispensed to the guests.

As it was not improbable that he might fall in with Lady Brabazon and Clementina, Trussell, at all times particular, had paid a little extra attention to his toilet. He had put on a fine flowing Ramillies periwig, of a light blue tint, together with a yellow velvet coat, a flowered green satin vest worked with gold thread, scarlet silk breeches, and ruffles of exquisite texture. A cravat of point lace, dyed orange, was round his neck. In his hand he carried a clouded cane with a tassel of faded bell-pull. In his shoes were buckles of different-coloured paste; and his hose were of the hue known at that day as dandy-grey-russet. A silver-hilted sword, inlaid with gold, in a sheath of leather bound with brass and studded with steel, hung at his side; and a three-cornered hat, edged with feathers of various hues, completed his attire.

On arriving at Peerless Pond, he entered the house, and was sorry to see Jacob Post in conference with Randolph. They were seated at a table on which was spread a very excellent repast. There was a magnificent pasty of goat's-eyes—then esteemed a great rarity, and some cutlets of mutton from Highgate Downs, served with piquant sauce. A cold heron, which had been roasted whole, was placed near these dishes, and flanked by a large flagon of St. Luke's ale, to which Jacob paid frequent devoirs. Pieces of brown bread were placed before each guest, and salt-cellars at the corners of the table. On the sideboard was a fricasee of Italian greyhound, and a dish of potted owl, as well as a salad of rose-leaves and native oysters.

The reader having come to the conclusion of the Magazine, lays it down, much delighted with its contents, and highly pleased with periodical literature generally, from its charming variety. And when he begins to reflect upon what he has read, he pictures Anthony Flyleaf starting in the *budgerow* to pursue the Hurons with Catchhookpipe; whilst Lanyard on board the cutter is sailing up the Via della Scala, at Florence, with Rantwell spinning yarns to the two men-at-arms of the middle ages who have taken Trussell a prisoner. And finally, the whole of the characters join hands and dance round the bewildered reader in one never-ending and entangled whirl, until his brain reels, and his ideas finally involve themselves in a knot of elaborate and inexplicable confusion.

A FLIRTATION IN THE WINDOW.

A BUFFO TRIO OF LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

MAMMA. Thank goodness ! here we are at last. I
 thought we should be late ;
 The Lord Mayor will go by at three ; we 've
 not got long to wait.
 Well, here 's the shop—bless me ! I see we
 shan't be by ourselves,
 The window has been cleared, and now is
 fitted up with shelves.

ELLEN. What famous seats !

MAMMA. My love, they cost me half-a-crown a-piece.
 They ought to be.

ELLEN. What crowding—and what oceans of pollee !
 My gracious ! there is—

MAMMA. Who, my love ?

ELLEN. Oh, no ! I find I 'm wrong.

(*aside*) He sees me, and he 's coming. Now the time
 will not be long.

PERCY. (*enters the seats.*) My dearest Ellen !

ELLEN. Be advised : keep still now, Percy, pray !
 For if mamma should know it, she will be in
 such a way !

PERCY. She met me only once, you know, at Mrs
 Saville's ball.

(*aloud*) I do not incommode you, ma'am ?

MAMMA. (*politely*) Oh no, sir—not at all.

- ELLEN. You got my note all safe, last night ?
PERCY. Of course I got it, dear.
For if it had not come to hand, I should not have been here.
- ELLEN. Leave go my hand—now, Percy do ; this really is not kind.
I 'm sure the folks will see us, who are sitting up behind.
- MAMMA. My love, how you are fidgetting ; pray what is it that 's wrong ?
- ELLEN. My foot 's got pins and needles, ma, from sitting here so long.
- MAMMA. Well, never mind,—it 's three o'clock,—and see, here comes the sun !
- ELLEN. How quick the time goes—three o'clock ?—I did not think 't was one.
- MAMMA. Look, here they come—the ancient knights—the guards are making room,
And each one is attended by a squire and a groom.
Ellen, my dear, you 're losing all, now pay attention, pray.
- ELLEN. I do, mamma.
- MAMMA. Your head, my love, was turn'd another way.
- PERCY. Then I may hope ?
- ELLEN. Yes—no—oh dear ! how can you go on so ?
- MAMMA. Ellen, is that *the* Mr. Moon ?
- ELLEN. I 'm sure, ma, I do n't know.
- MAMMA. But read the list and see.
- ELLEN. Mamma, it 's underneath the seat.
- PERCY. I 'll stoop and get it.

MAMMA.

Thank you, sir.

PERCY. (*Aside to Ellen*) What very pretty feet.

ELLEN. Well, the idea! I never, sir: what will you say, pray, next!

Besides, I'm sure they hear you.

PERCY. Come now, Ellen, do n't be vexed.

Give me your hand.

ELLEN. I won't, indeed.

PERCY. (*Takes it.*) Not give your hand to me?

Now hide it, love, with your *visite*. So. Not a soul can see.



MAMMA. Here comes the Mayor! and there's the coach!
look, Ellen, at them all.

How well he looks—I must stand up—and
how the people bawl!

PERCY. There's no one looking—Ellen!—please—
with you thus by my side,
I care not for the coach, nor Mayor, nor all
the world beside.

MAMMA. The ceremony's over, and they're going to
dine at last.

Well, I, for one, am very glad this fagging
day is past.

ELLEN. And I am very sorry.

PERCY. Let me see you from the door.

MAMMA. We thank you, sir. (to ELLEN) I ne'er met
such a nice young man before.

AN ACT

For Amending the Conduct of certain Individuals encountered publicly and in society, and known as "Funny Fellows," "Wags," "Comical Chaps," and like offensive names.

Whereas it has been the custom, for some time past, since comic literature and burlesque has been in the ascendant, for different persons in various situations of life to set up for humourists, to the great annoyance of everybody they encounter, in the mistaken idea that they are entertaining :

And whereas this evil has lately increased, is increasing, and will increase amongst all ranks, and more especially amongst government office clerks, who, having fired off their bad jokes at one another all day, from lack of employment of any other kind, get into such a rampant state of witticism, that upon leaving the office for their dinner, they commence making them all over again to those contiguous, and finally say them out loud at half-price in the boxes :

And whereas, in illustration of this fact, it has been proved upon committee, that not long since several of these Gentlemen, who may with more propriety be considered as Gents, came at half-price into the Adelphi, and directly began joking in audible tones.

One said he hoped Miss *Woolgar* would never become *wulgar*, and another that *Wright* was never *wrong*, with other equally unseemly, personal, and painful attempts to be witty :

May it therefore please your Majesty that it be enacted ; **And be it enacted**, That henceforth all persons trying to be funny in public be compelled to take out a license to that effect.

And be it further enacted, That every one intending to take out the aforesaid license, shall be bound by the legislature to make six jokes before a sitting magistrate, who, if he judge them of sufficient merit, shall give the applicant a license as a public joker.

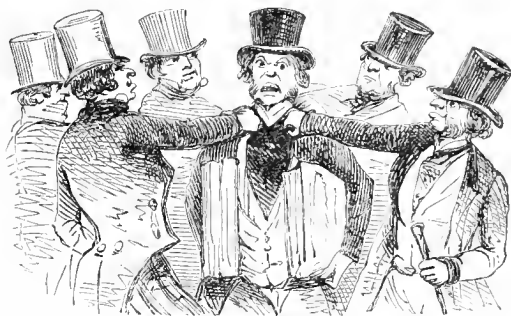
And be it further enacted, That such license may be withdrawn in the event of serious degeneracy ; and that any person uttering a joke which is not asked for, with a loud voice, and in any public assembly, without producing a license when requested, shall be fined six original puns ; and that in the event of his inability to pay this fine, he be treated as a common impostor, and punished accordingly.

And be it further enacted, That any person uttering a Joe Miller under false pretences, be punished in the same manner as a " smasher," or circulator of false coin ; that his edition of the above celebrated work be forfeited to the crown, and that he be compelled to witness twelve representations of a legitimate revival in five acts, to teach him to respect antiquity.

And be it further enacted, That any gentleman of a joyous disposition snuffing the candles, and then

saying it is to throw a little light upon the subject, be at once outlawed from the house, and never allowed to enter it again until he has written a conundrum good enough to print ; and that the same punishment shall apply to any jokes made at table, under the shelter of the words " tongue," " rum," and " calf 's head."

And be it further enacted, That for charitable purposes, an institution called the Joker's Asylum be founded from the aforesaid fines, for affording comical relief to decayed wits, worn-out punsters, infirm jokers, and destitute *bon-motists*, who may be incapable of raising a laugh after dinner, either from natural dullness, or the constant reading of the *Standard* newspaper. And that to procure admission to this asylum, the destitute wag shall produce a testimonial, signed by six householders, that he has been known to make three consecutive jokes in company, at which nobody laughed, and that three applications for election be permitted ; but that, after these, if still unsuccessful, he be furnished with recommendations to any respectable undertaker requiring a mute of sufficiently dreary appearance to do credit to his establishment. But that no application at all be permitted if, in the first instance, he be not furnished with a license, as above described. And that in further support of the above asylum voluntary subscriptions be received from known wits, of any spare comicalities they may have at disposal ; and that these be kept for six months, and then be disposed of in lots, of not less than a dozen each, to editors of funny periodicals, and distressed comic dramatic authors.



In addition to the above clauses, one is being framed relative to the uttering of bad foreign jokes, which in the superior circles is equally annoying. To remedy the evil, the Society of Dramatic Authors have been applied to to select from their body such gentlemen as are most conversant with the light literature of Paris, and these will be engaged at the Custom-house to stop and examine all jokes as they land, and the really indifferent ones will be subject to such a duty as will be tantamount to not landing at all. It is a mistake for would-be wits to imagine that each passenger may bring over one bottle of brandy which has been opened, and one joke which has been uttered, without paying duty. Neither is now permitted ; and therefore, as we address ourselves particularly to the moving masses, we beg to inform the Folkestone and Boulogne, or Dover and Ostend travellers, that such smuggling will in future lay them open to the infliction of a most uncomfortable penalty.

A DAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

[Livy relates, what is in all probability a tremendous "romance," that in the year 362, B.C., a vast chasm opened in the Forum at Rome, which the oracle pronounced could only be closed when the most precious things in Rome had been pitched into it. Marcus Curtius, crying out that nothing was more precious than arms or valour, galloped into the gulf, which directly shut up.

In order that the reader may judge fairly of this poem, he must imagine himself a plebeian standing in the Forum.]

There's tumult in the Forum, and each heart with dread is sinking,
The pale plebeians palsied stand, or cut about like winking.



The Prætor on the justice-seat is thinking about flight,
And every hair upon his wig is standing bolt upright;
With corns tight pinched by highlows, from his feet he tries to
tear 'em,
(Or rather might have done so, but the Romans didn't wear 'em.)



Sartorius, the tailor, quits his shop, and leaves a while
His Roman "Gents' New Togas"—ready-made, the latest style,
And joins a few Quirites now assembling in dismay,
Who prove by their loud wailings that there is old Dis to pay.

"What—what 's the row?" a Tribune asks. Some subterraneous shake
Has split the centre of the earth, and caused a mighty quake.
Before the incensed Oracle a priest its warning bides,
White to the gaze as eygnet's plume—as downy, too, besides.
For since the March of Intellect, the merest dolt believes
Those Flamens of the Oracles were nought but thund'ring thieves
A first-rate pack of artful cards, who, when they chose to play,
Dealt out the honours where they chose—shuffled, and cut away.
"Stop all your jaws," the soothsayer cries, "this gulf will never close
Until within it are entomb'd the rarest things Rome knows;
Seek them forthwith, nor waste your time in vain and useless fear,
And see no rubbish be pick'd out—it may not be shot here."



Then up sprang Marcus Curtius, and thus spoke. "My bricks
don't funk

At what I'm going to say—I am not either mad or drunk.
But don't you know how bravery, with trusty arms combin'd,
Must be the things most precious that amongst us you can find.
I think no small beer of myself, which you may plainly see,
Give me a horse—not worth too much—and leave the rest to me."
Forthwith he vaulted on his steed—a sorry sort of knack,
Because the owner felt convinced he ne'er should see it back.
And spur and whip he plied to reach the borders of the pit,
But thence the horse refused to budge an atom—deuce a bit!

The Lictors lick'd him with their sticks—by Romans *fascēs* call'd—
And rattled potsherds in his ears, and cried "Gee! gee!" and
bawl'd

The Tribunes pushed his haunches, and a crowd of little boys,
Bearing *amphoræ* fill'd with stones, kick'd up a mighty noise.
At length, when both the man and horse were scur'd at such a din,
All of a heap, head-over-heels, they straightway bundled in;
And scarcely had they disappeared, when, as the stories say,
The gulph closed up, like sliding traps you witness at the play.
Then long live all this company—and Curtius long live he,
And when another leap takes place, may I be there to see,
And on it write another lay, wherever it may be.





OF DR. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON travelling with Boswell in the Highlands, was overtaken by one of the sudden storms usual in these districts, and forced to put up at a miserable inn, when the following conversation took place :—

BOSWELL. This is a poor place.

JOHNSON. Sir, it is not Fleet Street.

BOSWELL (*to see what he would say*). I wonder what the time is.

JOHNSON (*evidently annoyed at the question, which ran him rather too hard*). Sir, the time is after two.

Here Boswell confesses that he was glad to drop the conversation, finding that he was evidently getting the worst of it.

A poor author once took Johnson his work in MS. for the doctor's opinion, who read it very carefully,

and then said, "Sir, your work reminds me of the remark made by the child who, being whipped with a rod for affirming that anchovies could play the trombone, said they could not put French beans to music for all that ! Sir, if you are wise, you will not publish it under such circumstances."

One evening, at a tea-party at Mrs. Thrale's, the conversation turned upon acting. Boswell, to draw Johnson out, said "he thought that Mr. Garrick always did things by halves." "Sir," observed Johnson, "that is when he plays in two pieces." Then, recollecting himself, and angry at being caught, he said, "That is a vile pun. Sir, the honour of the man who would make such a pun knowingly would be all string and oatmeal." On this being told to Garrick, he remarked, in his usual forcible manner, "That's all very well ; but Shakspeare himself took pepper with his oysters." Johnson came to hear of this again, and it was some time before the breach was made up.

COMICOGRAPHY;

OR, THE HISTORY OF HUMOROUS WRITING.



JOKEWRIGHTS, or Wags as they are occasionally called, have always held a high place in the literature of the country. As long ago as the palmy days of Pompeii, there are proofs that an able editor only was wanting to start a Greek comic periodical with much effect: as the cartoons on the walls exhibit. These were political jokes, warranted two thousand years hence to be quite as fresh as at present. The Latins also boasted of several classical wags; although the point of their epigrams is sometimes difficult to discover. Our business is, however, more especially with our own language: and we will first speak of

THE EARLY ENGLISH, OR CHAUCERIAN STYLE.



CHAUCER flourished—a rare thing for poets to do at all times—towards the end of the fifteenth century. In his time it was considered a piece of exquisite humour to play off allusions to the church, and those belonging to it. And on sport of this kind they would write a bit of fun as follows:—

“ With hym ther was ve Dene of Westministere,
 That haulte ve olde worlde monsters maken clere,
 And wold wel talke of byegone bestes of myghte,
 And swymminge snakys iethvosauri hight.
 He cold wel showe ve forme of fish unconthe,
 And mammothe eke, dydde hee but see a toothe,
 And also was hee a right pious manne
 And goodlie, ere hee to be Dene begamme,
 And didde ve Deluge knowe and eke Noah,
 From writ as welle as from his fossille store,
 And ever were hee wente was ryght wellescom.”

THE ELIZABETHAN STYLE

We may next take, in historical progression. This is an important era, as a book of smart sayings made its appearance about this time. It is called “a hundred merie talys:” and contains jokes of wondrous point, from which we select the following:—

“ A litel geste of Sir W Raulighe.



SIR W RAULIGHE, being knav-
 ishly inclyned, did come
 to be drunken of pale ayle
 betymes, near unto Nel-
 son his pillar which was
 in progress. Ho (sayde
 the watch) where gost
 thou: Marry (saies Rau-
 lighe) I cannot telle:
 whereat they did take
 him to Bowe St. Harkee

friend (cryed Walter) sayde I nott I knew not where

I went? And so the Tippstaves laught at his readie wit and did release him. Wieh I have heard aceredit by an honeste gentleman."

From this, a few leaves of the chronieles being turned over, we arrive at

THE STEWART STYLE,



PREVALENT and vastly popular about the latter end of the seventeenth eentury. This school was of an agreeable eoneeit, as will be seen. We take the following from *Pepys's Diary*:—

"November 5.—To-day I did wear my wrapper of sad coloured Tweed, pleasant to behold; wherein my wife sayde I looked marvellously well. I did don my gossamer hat with the blaek band, and my new pourpoint of Corazza. And thus I did go gravely to the Mall, where Will Mercer did echallenge me to play at odd man. I did win *vjd.*, which made great sport."

In addition to this, from the Memoirs of the Anglo-Gallie Grammont, *alias* Hamilton—a great wag of his time, which was no mean distinction where everybody was wearing himself to death to say something clever, and there were no eomic periodieals to fire the train of their intellects like the spark of Armstrong's Eleetric Machine, through wooden shavings—we extract another ioke of this eomic period.

“La belle Jennings, ayant appris que le Roi devait dîner de *white-bait*, avec la Duchesse de Cleveland, à Greenwich, se mit dans la tête de les y joindre en costume de débardeur. Pour cela elle vint chez moi, me demander comment elle irait. Je lui dis de prendre le chemin de fer, et qu'elle arriverait plus tôt que par les bateaux à vapeur de *Waterman*. Elle suivit mon conseil, et les trouva à l'hôtel Trafalgar. La Castle-maine s'est fâchée tout rouge; mais le Roi dit, en souriant, 'C'est plutôt par gourmandise que par amour, que Jennings est venue.' L'histoire fut racontée à la Cour; on en rit beaucoup, et la Jennings fut appelée depuis *La belle gourmande*.”

From the ninth volume of the *Spectator*, which was never published, we extract the following light article, which appears to have reference to some character well known about town at the period :—

No. 636.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1715.

“Ubicumque Gentium.”—Circ.

“Go where you will a gent you're sure to meet.”—OURSELVES.

CYNTHIO is an individual whose physiognomy is familiar to all the taverns and playhouses of the metropolis. He affects the airs of a fine gentleman, as well as the dress, but has not the semblance of either in reality. Slang and witless noise is better understood by him than good English or politeness. His pretensions to distinction are small, but yet he bears himself as if the whole place belonged to him.

As the varieties of curs are distinguished by their paws, so is CYNTHIO usually recognised by his hands:

the coarseness of which no means short of gloves will disguise. He smokes in public resorts; and would on no account quit the play without lighting a cheroot by the last gas-light on the stairs; nor in this does he demand the permission of the other visitors. The ring and turf are to him matters of the deepest moment; and he talks, in company, of fighting-men and horses as the most important topics. He also has language of his own—the appeasement of thirst he calls “a drain;” with him, anything super-excellent is “stunning;” an approximation to the prevailing style in the fashion of a garment, he denominates “the cheese;” and with him “a party” does not signify more than one. He is partiular in strangely cut coats of stranger fabric, which he dignifies by aristocratic names; and when he walks abroad in them, in fashionable places, he affects to be doing what he expresses by a word synonymous with the gradual extension of bulk. But although my friend Will Honeycomb is particular in dress, he does not know the names of the coats in question; and yet we consider him as the finer gentleman of the two, as from polite manners he certainly must be.

We now come to the age of those jocular pocket-books and magazines which contained all that was comical at that period.

We have now before us—

THE LADIES OWN MEMORANDUM BOOK,

Or, Daily Poeket Journal for the year 1768. being Bissextile, or Leap Year; and the 17th of the New

Style now used in Great Britain. The latter phrase is no longer used commonly. The "Gent's New Style" is the only one popularly known; and generally refers to boots and ties, instead of years and calendars.

This is a most diverting miscellany, which, at the present day, would have run us hard, both in illustrations and writing. We extract the following from twenty-four

NEW COUNTRY DANCES,

as danced at Bath, and other polite resorts.

The Walbrook Folly.

First man casts up one, and carries on one to the bottom of the figure.

Then crosses over, comes back, up the middle and down again.

Casts up again, and then hands round—no receipt.

Lord Brougham's Favourite.

First man foots it, and changes his side.

Foots it, and comes to his own side again.

Sets to contrary corners, and turns.

Four-sided reel.

After this there follows "*Fares and rates for Chairs by the time*;" but as there are few chairs now in London, except in St. James's Park, and the rate by the time is a halfpenny for as long as you like, there is no need to quote them. And then we come to the

FAVORITE NEW SONGS,

sung this year at Ranelagh House, Vaux-Hall, and

Marybone Gardens, and other polite Concerts, both public and private.

BALLAD.

Sung by Mrs. Baddeley. Set by Mr. Potter.

I.

My Jockey is the blithest gent
That ever Chloe woo'd ;
When he appears I am content,
Because he 's never rude :
He brings his pipe, when in the grove
We trip the turf along ;
And then he lights it, as we rove
And pass the time in song.
With a fal lal la, with a fal lal la.

II.

A party told me t' other day,
Who knew my Jockey well,
That he should say that come next May—
But that I shall not tell ;
He buys me ribbons for my hair,
Can I refuse to be
The maid with whom my Jockey rare
Shall now keep company ?
With a fal lal la, with a fal lal la.

And at the end of these a wag of the day puts forth an

EPIGRAM.

I gave—'t was but the other day—
Phillis a ticket for the play—

'T is love such tricks imparts—

(From this we should conceive that presenting a lady with an order was considered a curious practical joke in 1767.)

When holding up the card to me,
She laughing said, "Your emblem see,"

And show'd the knave of hearts ;
Amaz'd, I cried, "What means my fair?
Colin will neither steal nor swear ;

Your words, I pray, define !"
She smil'd, and said, "Nay, never start ;
He 's sure a knave that steals a heart,
And, Colin, you have mine."

Before we dismiss the "Ladies' Own," we turn to the enigmatical pages, which have some very joecular Enigmas, the most favourite being "Names of places in Somersetshire," "Names of young ladies in High Wycombe," &c., with their answers ; and also the solutions of dummy correspondents who sent in wrong ones. We extract the

Names of Ladies at the Theatres.

1. Part of a mountain in the Highlands, and a thing used to catch fish.
2. What belongs to a sheep, and half a noble order.
3. The bottom of a ship, and half your eyes.
4. To number up a vowel, and the relation your father bears to his.
5. The edges of England, and a shallow river.
6. A direction for the clouds to indulge in a shower.

Then the following year some high jokers send in a
Poetical Answer to the Theatrical Ladies,

BY NOSNIBOR.

Whilst *Rainforth's* fine voice we admire, 6
 And bright *Laura Addison* prize, 4
 Of *Keeley* we never can tire, 3
 Nor even of *Clifford*—"them eyes!" 5

To all of the theatres I 've been,
 But this I can say, even now,
 That very few charmers I 've seen
 Like *Woolgar* or *Bennett*, I vow. 2, 1.

Nosnibor (it was a joke to spell names backwards in 1768) gets a prize, and then the editor says:—" *Peckhamensis* makes No. 2, 'Trotterba,' but is right in the others; but *Robin Roughhead* makes No. 5 'Shorewandle,' but does not answer 1, 3, and 4 at all."

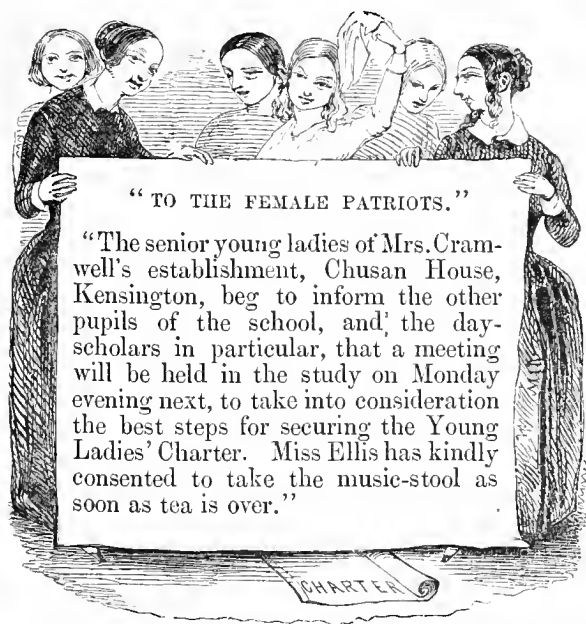
And this was the style in which our grandmothers took great delight.

THE YOUNG LADIES' CHARTER.



REALLY it is most gratifying to see woman quitting the domestic sphere, for which she is so ill calculated, and breaking forth into her true element—the excitement and turmoil of public life. The spirit just promulgated by the Female Chartists of this great metropolis has spread far and wide; and it is our pleasing task to report one of the most interesting meetings yet held.

The following notice, of which several copies were distributed, neatly written in a semi-invisible angular album hand upon satin and scented paper, is the first document relative to this important association that we can lay before the public.



The evening in question had been fixed upon from the Association having learned that Mrs. Cramwell would be away from home that night until ten o'clock at the Hammersmith Literary Institution, where her drawing-master was about to delight the audience with a lecture on Perspective for the Ten Thousand Million. None of the young ladies were permitted to attend, in consequence of some little confusion which had occurred, on a previous night, during a lecture on Astronomy, when the lights were put out, and some rude

individuals, calling themselves young gentlemen, caused great anxiety in the mind of Mrs. Cranwell, respecting the fair pullets committed to her charge.

The hour of meeting came, and with it the day-pupils. The hustings were formed at the end of the study (or, as the apartment was once called, the school-room) of all the available desks and forms. As soon as the milk-and-water mugs and empty bread-and-butter plates had been carried away, the business of the evening commenced.

Miss Ellis was called to the music-stool, amidst much acclamation and applauding with Chambaud's Grammars on the forms. She hoped that every fair speaker would be allowed an equally fair hearing, and intimated her intention of immediately requesting every day-pupil who was unnecessarily loquacious to go home.

Miss Alicia Horton then addressed the meeting, being the senior pupil, supposed to be engaged, going to leave on the end of the half, and consequently not caring what she said, which was as follows :—

Young ladies and half-boarders,

In proposing the first resolution, I beg to preface it with a few remarks upon the nun-like seclusion to which we have been condemned during the past year—a state of the most unmitigated confinement, which would only have been tolerated in one of those convents we read about whenever we can procure a clandestine novel from the library. I will not advert to the manner in which we are now compelled to take the

veil during our walks ; nor will I notice the mean feeling of envy which caused the English teacher, Miss Nip, to change the usual promenade on the high-road to the retired lanes (by which the object of the walking advertisement is entirely defeated) ever since the two gentlemen in the gig, with white Mackintoshes over their red hunting coats, kissed their hands to us. I will not recall to your minds her rage the same morning, when a low common person recognised her, in one of the five hundred vans which we met on their way to Hampton Court—no. I will not even allude to this circumstance ; nor hint at her obtrusive attention to Miss Marshall's brothers when they used to come to see their sister. She was accustomed to talk a great deal in the school about quiet and lady-like demeanour. Do you recollect her violent anger the night she heard Miss Marshall's eldest brother kiss Miss Daventry in the slate-closet, when they met there by chance in looking after a slate, on which he was going to show Miss Nip the way to draw a soldier going into a house with a dog at his heels, in three lines. You cannot forget it, so I will speak of it no further, but propose the first resolution :—

“ That Mrs. Cramwell be directed to give a ball at each breaking up, to which divers young gentlemen of agreeable manners and tail-coats be invited.”

Miss Ellen Newcome had much pleasure in seconding the resolution. She thought if young ladies' academies were less secluded, that their minds would

be expanded; and a knowledge gained of the customs and manners of society which Miss Nip could never teach.

The resolution was carried unanimously, and forthwith entered by the secretary, Miss Ashton, into the blank leaf of a cyphering-book.

Miss Lovell rose to propose the next resolution, as follows:—

“ You must be aware, young ladies, of the quantity of dust-collecting articles with which we overwhelm our families every year, and which are commonly known as fancy-work. To the constant manufacture of this unmeaning rubbish I firmly object. During the last year I have worked twelve perforated cards with floss silk, and sewn them into a knitting-box. I have embroidered two urn-rugs, with worsted tufts as big as oranges round the edges. I have orientally tinted four screens with green lobsters, scarlet grapes, and blue currants, to say nothing of the birds and butterflies. And what has all this tended to?—Nothing—but an increase of the half-yearly bills paid by our devoted parents. They had all got screens and rugs enough already—there was no occasion for any more. What I wish to say is this:—why are we not



allowed, if fancy-work *must* be done, to do it after what fashion and for whom we choose. Why should we gum our fingers, varnish our nails, and mess our frocks, for what we feel no interest in? (*Hear, hear.*) How much better would it be if we might work Berlin-wool slippers for any friends of our brothers, or our good-looking young gentlemen cousins—those attractive relations towards whom the heart of a confiding girl clings with all the deep fervour of a first platonic affection? (*Sensation among the ladies.*) Would you not much sooner work watch-guards out of your own hair, or purses studded with little steel beads, than sew guitar pincushions and butterfly housewives for your aunts; or make paper dahlias and Bristol-card-racks for your mothers' great connexions—always the most unpleasant people, you know? (*Cheers, and cries of 'Yes, yes!' and 'Certainly.'*) I will detain you, young ladies, no longer, but beg to propose—

“That in future, the young ladies be permitted to do what style of ornamental manufacture, commonly termed Fancy-work, they choose, and for whom they please, against they go home for the holidays.”

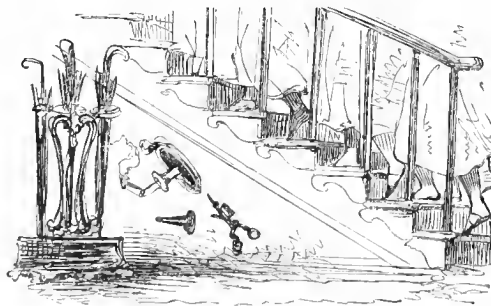
Miss Marshall approved of the resolution. Her brother had some acquaintances—law students residing in chambers in Lincoln's Inn—who were in a state of extreme domestic distress for the want of some worked silk braces, a Berlin kettle-holder, and some lined pieces of muslin for the backs of their easy chairs, where the head went, to keep the Circassian

cream from interfering with the Morocco leather. These could have been supplied without half the trouble and expense which she bestowed on the wire-gauze paper-case that she worked with Napoleon crossing the Alps, and yet she was not allowed to do them. (*Shame.*) Another of her brother's friends—a medical student living in lodgings—a lonely, unassisted bachelor—was losing all his handkerchiefs, one after another, at the wash, because there were no marks on them. She would have offered to mark them all with her own hair; but Mrs. Cramwell could not see the necessity. Instead of these, she was compelled to finish a transfer envelope-box with views of Netley Abbey and Carisbrook Castle outside. But this state of things could not last. They had but to unite to do all they wished.

Mademoiselle Smith—the “resident native” of the school prospectus, the “French teacher” who was clever enough to speak English with Saxon purity—rose to bring forward the next resolution. She said that she was the link between the teachers and the pupils—she might say, metaphorically speaking, the link that lighted them to excellence—but that the pupils were her best friends. She moved for the *Abolition of Punishment by the French Mark*. It was a degrading infliction, and equal to the brand of the criminal. She had been six weeks in a school at Paris to learn the French language; and none of the girls were punished there for speaking English; and she would like to know why they should be punished here. She was almost French, for her

mother had a widowed sister living at Boulogne; and the spirit of the Parisian females rose within her as she thought of the indignity. The next time the indignity of the Mark was inflicted, she counselled a turn-out of everybody into the playground.

Miss Anne Clement was about to second the resolution, and had got as far as, "Recollect, young ladies, that *union fait la force*"—which sentiment she had borrowed from the motto of a Belgian half-penny that she treasured in her workbox—when a thundering knock at the street-door announced Mrs. Cramwell's return. The Convention immediately broke up, and fled in all directions, in the greatest confusion, and without even appointing a time for their next meeting. The majority hurried up the back stairs to their bed-rooms, leaving the day-scholars entirely in the dark, with orders to keep perfectly quiet until they heard Mrs. Cramwell edifying the parlour-boarders with a long account of what she had heard at the lecture, when they were to steal quietly away, and get home as fast as they could.



THE OJIBBEWAY'S SERENADE TO
HIS LOVE.



WEET, dwell with me, and our home
shall be

A wigwam full of smoke,
In a swamp that teems with the melody
Of the bull-frog's mildewy croak.

The scalps of foes, who have turned
up their toes,

Shall deck thee in queenly pride ;
And with tinkling brass I will wring
thy nose,

And paint thy cheeks blue, my bride !

Thy tresses I'll dress with smut and gum,

And with oil thy brows I'll grease ;

And I'll play on the oyster-barrel drum,

And the rattle of nuts and peas.

And deck'd with bones, and with bits of pipe,

And pieces of tin beside,

No other shall be so fine as thee,

Squaw of my heart, my bride !



THE MODERN SELKIRK.

BALLAD OF THE EXETER ARCADE BEADLE.*

I AM beadle of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute ;
 From the centre to over the way,
 I 'm lord of the playbills and fruit.
 O, solitude, where are thy joys ?
 O, would I could see but one face !
 'T 'is but to be chaffed by the boys
 I am left in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must walk up and down all day long,
 I 've no one to list to my speech,
 I have not the pluck for a song.

* For the original of this touching poem see page 17.

The newspaper boys they peep in,
And laugh and insult me with glee;
To them it is very good fun—
Their jesting is shocking to me.

Lyceum ! what pleasures untold
Reside in thy laugh-loving crowd ;
But I may grow owlish and old,
Ere to witness a play I 'm allowed.
The sound of the drop-raising bell,
Not once, as a beadle, I 've heard ;
Never sighed at a tragedy swell,
Nor laughed when a burlesque appear'd.

Shareholders, who 've made me your sport,
Convey to this dreary arcade
A drop of that something ealled short,
Or with me 't is all up, I 'm afraid.
If my friends would but now and then send
A small drop of eomfort to me,
I might know that I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

THE RAILWAY OF LIFE.

LIFE 's a railway !—on its line
Many people come and go.
Some, like first-class trains, are “ fast,”
Others most immensely “ slow.”

Stations form the lapse of years—
Changing prospects and condition ;
And the grave 's a terminus,
With a stoker for physician.



A BOWL OF PUNCH.

THE FIENDS OF FIRE.

A LAY OF THE LOCOMOTIVES.

HEAP the furnace higher still ;
 Fling afar each glowing flake ;
 Hurry on for good or ill,
 Make the engine strain and shake.
 Through the red bars lambently
 Roars the fierce and darting fire,
 Like some maddened beast of prey
 Chafing in its fetter'd ire.
 Ho ! ho !
 On we go !
 And wildly about the embers throw !

What care we if heedless sparks
 On the farmer's harvest light ?
 What care we for blazing barns,
 Gleaming wildly through the night ?
 Cattle scamper—poultry cackle—
 All the farm-yard wakes to life ;
 Hedges blaze—plantations crackle—
 We alone have caused the strife.
 Ho ! ho !
 On we go !
 And wildly about the embers throw !

L E N O R A ,

A BALLAD,

NEWLY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

[There have been so many excellent translations done of this powerful Ballad, that some little apology should be made for offering the present one to the reader. But the metre of the original has not been strictly preserved in any I have seen ; and, in consequence, the Poem loses much of its impressiveness. In the following attempt I have carefully kept to the metre ; and in some lines the words are in the exact order of the original ; indeed I have sacrificed everything to make it as close and literal as possible. But for this intention many of the verses might have been considerably improved.]



Lenora, at the Blush of Day,
 From heavy Slumbers started,
 "Art dead, or faithless, Wilhelm, say,
 How long must we be parted ?"
 He was with Frederick's armed Might,
 At Prague, and there engaged in Fight,
 Had sent no Word or Token,
 To prove his health unbroken.



The Empress and the Prussian King,
 Weary of constant striving,
 Their stubborn Natures softening,
 Saw Peace at last arriving.
 And all the Troops rejoiced and sang,
 With Kettle-drums' and martial Clang,
 Their Arms with green Boughs twining,
 Towards their Homes inclining.





And everywhere—all, all around,
 From Roads and Pathways meeting,
 Beth Old and Young, with jocular Sound,
 Went forth to give their greeting.
 "Thank God!" the Child and Wife uttered,
 And "Welcome!" many a happy Bride:
 Parents, only, misses
 The warm Embrace and Kisses.



And up and down, amidst the Brave,
 She flew, each Name repeating;
 But none the Information gave
 Of all that warlike Meeting.
 And when the Train had passed elsewhere,
 She tore her Locks of Raven-hair.
 To earth her fair Form flinging,
 Her Hands in Frenzies wringing.



Her Mother ran to her, and cried,
 "With Mercy, Heaven, invest her,
 What Ill can my dear child betide?"
 And in her fond Arms pressed her.
 "O, Mother—gone is gone for aye,
 The World and all may pass away.
 God has no Kindness done me,
 Oh wee! oh wee! open me!"



"Help, God! help! Leave us not unprotected:
 Pray to Him to befriend us.
 What is His Will, is for the best,
 God! God! some Comfort send us!"
 "Oh, Mother, Mother! foolish Plea!
 God has done nothing well for me!
 My Prayer 's unhelp'd, unheeded,
 Shall never more be needed!"

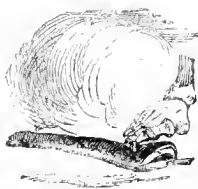
"Help, God! the true Believers knew
 Their Gloom his Aid can brighten :
 The hallowed sacramental Bow,
 Thy Misery shall lighten."
 "Oh, Mother, this consuming Rage,
 No Sacrament can e'er assuage ;
 No Sacrament e'er taken,
 Has Power the Dead to waken."



"List, Child. Perchance thy Lover now,
 In distant Lands united,
 In falsehood has renounced his Bow,
 To some new Marriage plighted.
 So let him go. His Love thus o'er,
 His Heart shall never profit more ;
 When Soul and Body sever,
 His pangs shall last for ever."



"Oh, Mother—Mother! Gone is gone!
 The past, the past is ended!
 Death—Death is now my Gain alone,
 Why was I born unfriended?
 Be quenched my Light—be quenched for aye,
 In Night and Horror die away.
 God has no Kindness done me,
 Oh wee! oh wee upon me!"



"Help, God! nor into Judgment go,
 On this poor Child's Expressions ;
 What her Tongue says, she does not know :
 Record not her Transgressions.
 Forget all earthly Wee, like this,
 Think but on God and heavenly Bliss ;
 Then to thy Spirits panting,
 No Bridegroom shall be wanting."





"Oh, Wether! what is Hell—er Bliss—
 That thus thou speak about it;
 I know but hear'n in Wilhelm's Kiss,
 And all is Hell without it.
 He quench'd my Light—he quench'd for aye,
 In Night and Horror die away;
 In earth, without my Ever,
 All Happiness is ever."



Thus her Despair o'er every Sense
 And through each Vein was raging,
 And war against God's Providence
 Most rabblish she was waging.
 She wrung her hands and beat her Breast,
 Until the Sun went down to Rest,
 And up in Heav'n's Arch beaming,
 The golden Stars were gleaming.



Hush! listen! listen! tramp—tramp—tramp!
 A Centurion's Steps she counted,
 The Rider next, with clattering Stamp,
 Before the Porch dismounted.
 And listen! at the Gate, a Ring,
 Sounds faintly—softly—ling-ling-ling!
 And then came, through the Portal,
 These Words, distinctly mortal,



"Hella! open the Door my Pet;
 Watchest thou, Love? or sleepest?
 How art thou mooded tow'rd's me yet?
 And laughest thou, or reepest?"
 "Ah, Wilhelm! thou! So late at Night!
 I've watch'd for thee in sorrowing Plight,
 And undergone much Chiding.
 Whence com'st thou now, thus riding?"

'We only saddle at Midnight ;
 From far Bohemia, hither,
 I rous'd myself late for the Flight,
 And now will bear thee thither."
 "Stay, Wilhelm, stay ! The Wind doth rush
 Loud whistling through the Hawthorn-bush.
 Here—Heart's love—let me hold thee,
 My warm Arms shall enfold thee."



"Let the Wind whistle through the Haws,
 Child—let it whistle stronger,
 Now clink my Spur ; the Black-horse pans ;
 I dare not tarry longer.
 Come—come : truss up thy Dress, and spring
 On my Black-horse, behind me swing.
 To reach our Couch to-day, Love,
 One hundred Miles away, Love."



"And must I ride one hundred Miles
 To our Bride-bed to day, Love ?
 And hark ! the Church Clock tolls meanwhile,
 Eleven ! doth it say, Love ?"
 "See here !—see there !—the moon is high ;
 We and the Dead can swiftly fly.
 'Tis for a Bet we're flying,
 To where the Couch is lying."



"Yet say—where is thy bridal Hall,
 Thy nuptial bed—where lies it ?"
 "Far—far from hence !—still, cool, and small,
 Eight slender Planks comprise it."
 "Hast room for me ?" "For me and thee !
 Come, gird thy dress ; quick, mount with me.
 The Guests are there to meet thee ;
 The Doors wide open greet thee."





The fair Girl quickly dressed, and sprung
 Upen the Horse behind him ;
 And round the trunjs Ruder flung,
 Her lily Arms entwined him.
 And hurra ! off ! away ! the Steed
 Flies like the Wind, with whistling Speed ;
 The Horse and Rider quivering,
 And Sparks and Pebbles shivering.



And right and left—on either Hand
 Defere their Gses quick sanderd,
 Hew flew the Lambs, and Heaths, and Land !
 And kew the Bridges thunder'd !
 "Dearest, dost fear ? The Moon is high !
 Hurra ! the Dead can swiftly fly !
 Dost fear the Dead, my own Love ?"
 "Nay—leave the Dead alone, here."



What sound is that of Glang and Knell ?
 Why do the Ravens flutter ?
 Hark ! the death-seng : and tolls the Bell !
 "Bury the corpse" they utter !
 A funeral Train was coming near ;
 They bore the Coffin and the Bier :
 The Hymn, the Croak resembled
 Of Frogs in Ponds assembled.

"After midnight inter the Dead,
 With Knell and Lamentation :
 Now, my young Wife I hemeward lead
 With bridal Celebration.
 Come, Sexton, with thy choral Throng
 And drawl us out thy bridal Seng !
 Come, gabble, Priest, thy Blessing,
 E'er ter'rd's the Couch we're pressing."

The Clang was still'd ; vanish'd the Bier,
 Obedient to his calling :
 And all beside—less and less near
 Behind his Horse was falling.
 And further—faster still—the Steed
 Flies like the Wind with whistling Speed ;
 The Horse and Rider quivering,
 And Sparks and Pebbles shivering.



And left, and right, how swift in flight
 Pass'd Hedges, Trees, and Mountains :
 How flew on right, and left, and right,
 Towns, Villages, and Mountains.
 "Dearest ! dost fear ? The moon is high !
 Hurra ! the Dead can swiftly fly !
 Dost fear the Dead, my own Love ?"
 " Ah, leave the Dead alone, Love !"



See there ! about the Gallows' Height
 Round the Wheel's Arkle prancing,
 Seen dimly in the pale Moonlight,
 A shadowy Meb is dancing.
 ' Hallee—there ! Rakble ! Ho ! come here !
 Come, Meb, with me—and fellow near !
 Our Wedding-dance be skipping
 When we to Bed are tripping."



And quickly on the Meb did rush
 Behind them, noisy-clattering,
 As Whirlwinds through the Hazel-bush,
 Send down the dry Leaves pattering :
 And further—faster still—the Steed
 Flies like the Wind, with whistling Speed ;
 The Horse and Rider quivering,
 And Sparks and Pebbles shivering.





Hew flew then in the Moon's wide light,
Seen into Distance speeding !
And everhead, how quick in flight
Were Heavens and Stars receding !
"Dearest ! dost fear ? The Moon is high !
Hurra ! the Dead can swiftly fly !
Dost fear the Dead, my own Love ?"
"Oh, leave the Dead alone, Love !"



"My Steed ! methinks the Feet doth crow ;
The Sand is just expended ;
My Steed ! the Morning Air I know,
Quick, hence ! our Course is ended :
Adieu'd, adieu'd now is our Ride !
The nuptial Chamber opens wide !
The Dead ride swiftly striving !
The Seal, the Seal's arriving !"



And swiftly tow'rd's an iron Gate
With tearing Speed they thunder'd :
With a slight Switch he strikes the Gate,
And Lock and Bolt is Sunder'd.
The Doors unfolded, creaking wide,
And over Graves still on they ride,
With Tomb-stones round them gleaming,
On which the Moon is beaming.



Lock ! in the Twinkling of an Eye,
Ho ! ho !—a ghastly wonder !
Piecemeal the Rider's Garments lie,
Like Tinder shred asunder.
A Skull, of Tuft and Queue bereft,
A naked Skull alone is left !
A Skeleton, before her
Holds Scythe and Sand-glass o'er her !

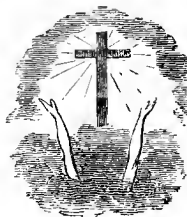
The Black-horse wildly snorts and rears,
 And breathes forth Sparks ; and shrinking
 From underneath them, disappears,

Quick vanishing and sinking.
 Wild Howling fills the Welkin round,
 And Groans from the deep Grave resound.
 Lenora's Heart, just shivering,
 Twixt Life and Death is quivering.



And now beneath the Moon's pale Glance,
 Round in a Circle scowling,
 Link'd hand in hand, the Spectres dance,

And to this Tune are howling :
 " Forbear ! forbear ! though breaks the Heart,
 'Gainst God in Heaven take no Part.
 Now from thy Body sever,—
 God save thy Soul for ever !"



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